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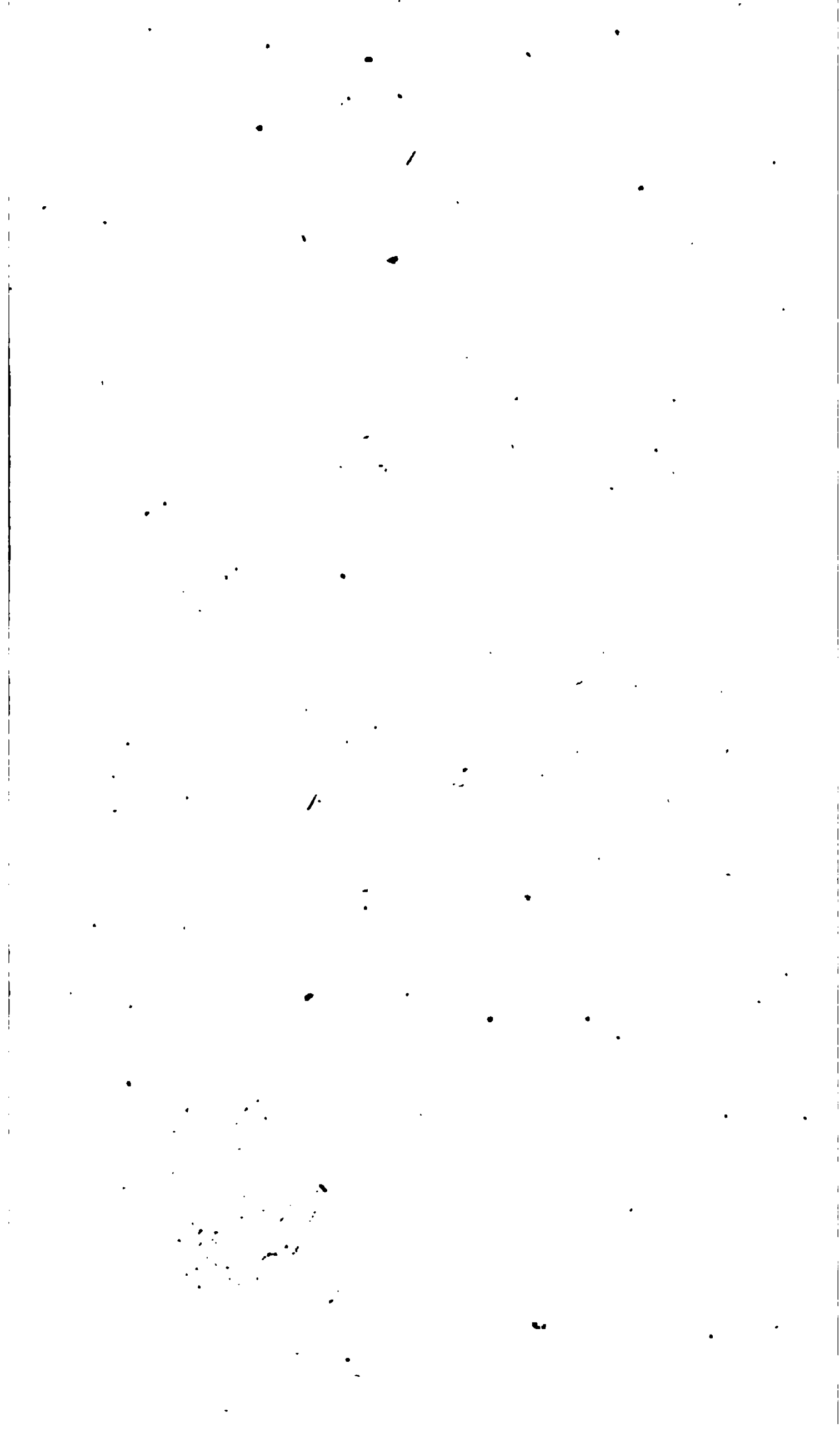


A WINTER

IN 2

DUBLIN.

VOL I.



A
WINTER IN DUBLIN:

A descriptive Tale.

By **CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.**

Author of The Barouche Driver, Infidel Mother, Mask of Fashion, &c. &c. &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

THESE PEOPLE, "like ancient Medals, are kept apart; and,
"passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpness which
"the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not
"unpleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible;
"that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscrip-
"tion they bear." STERNE.

LONDON:

Printed by D. N. SHURY, Warwick Street, 96th,

FOR J. F. HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET,
CAVENDISH SQUARE.

1808.

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TO

MR. SHERIFF PHILLIPS,

&c. &c.

SIR,

WHILE public approbation appreciates the zeal with which you have entered into the laborious execution of your public duties; there are many private individuals who bear, towards you, the humbler testimonials of your private worth.

VOL I.

A

To your advice, friendship, and support, I owe the earliest dawn of my success in business; and embrace, with pleasure, the present occasion to express the respect and esteem with which I have the honor to be,

SIR,

Your obliged and

faithful Servant,

THE PUBLISHER.

5, Wigmore Street,
24th Oct. 1807.

PREFACE.

THREE times have I, already, appeared before the town—a candidate for public favour: and, three times, have my labors been honored with a most ample share of distinguished patronage.

But, lest I should forget, that **PUBLIC APPROBATION** is not, exclusively, a

shield against the shafts of PRIVATE ENMITY OR OF PARTIAL CRITICISM; the Editor of a new-fangled Review has LIBERALLY undertaken to remind me of this fact, by loading me with GROSS, PERSONAL, INSULT; not only on account of what I HAVE—but, of what I HAVE NOT—written.

It is not my nature to be superior to reproof—insensible to praise—or deaf to admonition : but I will neither flatter nor bribe—fear nor brave—ANY LITERARY PORCUPINE, however he may lance the malevolent asperities of his

quill, at me, in obedience to the scurrility, moroseness, vulgarity, or ignorance, of his own ruffian disposition.

I presented the "Barouche Driver and his Wife" to the town, as a descriptive effort of the follies of the day: and whatever may be its demerits as a work, the moral will, most undoubtedly, entitle me to support from the rising generation; whose beacon I am, in reflecting the quicksands of fashionable dissipation.

And as novelty, always, excites a portion of curiosity, I make no doubt the FIRST number of this VALUABLE Review will find many readers; in which event, I feel that I shall have to thank the LEARNED Editors, for an enlarged sale of the Work they are pleased, so elaborately, to bedaub with censure. In return for which favor, I beg them to DIGEST, and to APPLY, the following anecdote.

“Diogenes, chancing to meet a procession of magistrates attending a criminal, to execution, who had stolen a

small phial from the public treasury,
exclaimed—

“ Look at the GREAT ROGUES executing a petty thief!”—

The higher circles of society, are, I believe, equally DISSOLUTE, throughout the POLISHED world—I, therefore, describe them with “ all their imperfections on their heads”—but, when I touch upon the national character of the Irish, I take infinite pleasure in doing justice to a people, who are—proverbially—industrious, hospitable, ge-

nerous, and brave: eager in conferring favors — grateful in receiving them: lively, affable, and courteous; but gifted with a sensibility which—though honest-hearted and unsuspecting—occasions them to be quick in their resentment, and obstinate in their revenge.

Of their situation—politically considered—I merely glance at evils that are not without remedy; shewing that, if we want their attachment, we should give them reason to love us—and, if we want them to fight our battles, we

should give them something to fight for.

No dominion can be secure, which is not founded in the hearts of the people !

In fulfilling these objects, I have striven to convey instruction, through the medium of a simple fable ; and, if the MERE novel reader should dislike any digressions, I may make, in illustration of the subject before me—I beg to premise, that these volumes are meant to combine the UTILE

with the DULCI; and not, solely, prepared for the amusement of those, who, with a hop, step, and jump, bound through a story—because it is a story—and then hurry back, to their Circulating Library, for SOMETHING NEW.—

My sketches are slight; but, I believe, faithful—I submit them with respect and gratitude to the world at large.

CHARLES SEDLEY.

Ramsgate,
Oct. 17, 1807.

MOTTO.

..... A snow-white veil covered her blushing face—her large blue eyes were bent on earth—dignity flowed round her graceful steps—a shining tear fell, glittering, on her cheek:

She appeared lovely as the mountain flower when the ruddy beams of the rising sun gleam on its dew-covered sides.

OSSIAN.

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.



HER dressing-room was obscured by green venetians, and Ellen Perceval, in all the retired solemnity of sorrow, reposed her pale cheek upon her snowy arm. A gentle sweetness and trembling delicacy mingled with the lineaments of affliction that clouded o'er her brow, and disclosed the memory of a

dreadful calamity, softening into chastened grief.

A little week had, scarcely, passed since the full-plumed hearse had robbed her bosom of its best, its only joy!

From earliest recollection, when the eloquent lisp of infancy first prattles forth each young desire, Ellen had been a stranger to a parent's tenderness, save in her maternal uncle, William Loftus, Esq: nor had the voice of friendship ever won upon her artless affections, save from the mild and gentle accents.

of the amiable Mrs. Howard ; who had, for many years, been the humble companion, rather than the housekeeper, of her departed relative.

Mr. Loftus had glided, peaceably, through the voyage of life, until he reached his fifty-seventh year ; and then—at peace within, and at peace with all mankind, he yielded, almost without a sigh, to the mild approach of death.

The ancestors of Mr. Loftus had, from time immemorial, transmitted from

father to son a well established factory ; but the late descendant, never having married, gave up his business to be at leisure to protect, in retirement, the orphan infancy of his darling little Ellen.

One other relative alone remained of this respectable family ; and him Mr. Loftus had never seen.

He was the grandson of an elder brother, whom a family quarrel, assisted by the ardency of speculation, had induced early in life to adventure to the West

Indies; where he, soon after, married and settled.

Young Montague, the hero of our tale, was the issue of that brother's daughter, by Mr. Montague Burgoyne; a gentleman highly gifted with all those insinuating powers for which his countrymen—the Irish—are so proverbially distinguished.

Having survived a brother and sister, he was left, at the death of his parents,—then scarcely seventeen—as rich as a Nabob; but the profusion, generosity,

and thoughtless philanthropy of the Creole, being grafted, in his soul, on the national extravagance of the Milesian, my readers may perhaps, anticipate, that the youthful career of our hero was like the effulgence of an artificial sun—brilliant while it lasted ; but soon expended in the rapid ebullition of contending splendors.

The privations of poverty, Montague bore as a deserved chastisement ; but his proud spirit was ill disposed to brook the insolence of unfeeling affluence ; he, therefore, cheerfully accepted a situation

in an expedition destined for St. Domingo, where he was supposed to be at the time of his uncle's death.

The retirement in which the old gentleman lived, as well as his constitutional habits, placed a bar to all communication between himself, and his spendthrift relative ; but as he was the only remaining male branch of the family, and as adversity was calculated to restore, to him, that reason of which prosperity appeared wholly to have deprived him, Mr. Loftus made a will in his favor, but to this effect :

To Mrs. Howard he bequeathed an annuity of one hundred pounds, in testimony of his regard. To each of his domestics, one year's wages; and the remainder of his fortune, which, in bank stock, and landed estate, amounted to upwards of six thousand per annum, he gave to Montague Burgoyne and Ellen Perceval, and to their joint heirs for ever. The conditions being, that they intermarried within the space of two years next ensuing his decease: And in the event of either party refusing to comply with such his will; then and in that case, the whole of the aforesaid es-

tate, real and personal, was given and bequeathed to the other party, and his or her heirs for ever.

Of Ellen's parents the history is concise and affecting.

Miss Loftus—many years the junior of her brother—became early in life the wife of Colonel Perceval, an officer in the East India Company's service ; who being recalled about eighteen months afterwards to his official duties, the little Ellen, only seven months old, was considered too young to encounter such a voyage, and

was left at home by a doating mother under the immediate protection of her brother.

Having passed some years of meritorious service abroad, during which he was promoted to the rank of General, Ellen's father was deputed to be the bearer of overland dispatches to the Honourable Company.

At this period, Mrs. Perceval was the mother of two other girls and a boy; and fortune having sufficiently smiled on the services of the General, it was

his intention to retire on half pay. The whole family, therefore, as well as the whole of their property, began, under a strong escort, the perilous journey of the sandy deserts.

Panting with the fond anticipation of returning to a child and brother, tenderly beloved, Mrs. Perceval smiled at the terrors of her journey ; and the cavalcade was within two days march of the scorching boundary, when they were suddenly attacked in their tents, at day-break, by a desperate horde of Arabian banditti.

The contest was short, and decisive.

Superior numbers soon claimed the honor of the bloody conflict—when their chief, enamoured with the beauties of his fair captive, brutally advanced to clasp her to his breast ; but the unhappy General, still bleeding with his wounds, made a desperate effort to her rescue, and plunged his poniard in the villain's heart.

With a lengthened groan, the dying Arab bit his native soil—the exasperated

savages rushed forward on his fall ; and father, mother, children, all, were victims to their ruthless vengeance !

Ellen was too young to feel the extent of her loss, although she wept it with a childish simplicity ; and the circumstances being thought too horrible for the contemplation of her infant mind, she was merely made acquainted with the loss she had sustained, by a fatality incident to foreign adventure.

The peculiar calamities which marked the page of the foregoing history, and

the unprotected situation of Ellen, formed, as it were, a more impressive claim on the benevolent affections of her uncle; who treated her with a kindness, that could only have been equalled by the unaffected gratitude, and cordial love, of his amiable protégée.

Deprived of this last resource, Ellen found herself, at the age of twenty, an alien to the world. It was true, a certain path had been marked out for her pursuit; yet it appeared to her not without its difficulties.

The seclusion, more than want of sensibility, to which Ellen had been accustomed, had, hitherto, shielded her bosom from the attacks of love ; and, although she was not conscious of being romantic in her nature, still she attached to the disposal of her hand, the unreserved gift of her heart ; and trembled lest her *unalterable* union, with her cousin, might teem with future inquietudes.

But it was a law imposed by her dear departed uncle, which no dread of per-

sonal inconvenience, or even sufferings, could have induced her to disobey.

She had never seen Montague; but she had often heard of his excesses: still his heart was uncorrupted by fashionable principles.

The extremities of want had never led him to the commission of a dishonourable action: and the only favor Mr. Loftus had ever denied his daughter—as he called her—was when he turned sternly from her, as she, in the agonies of despair, with bended knee

and streaming eyes, besought him to release her cousin Montague from prison.

But Mr. Loftus was firm—his virtues were not of that pliant nature which will admit direction : they were founded on the purest basis, and were only exerted in a noble cause. The appointment, however, which Montague afterwards accepted, was clandestinely procured him by this uncle ; and his creditors, who, he thought, in mercy released him from confinement, had previous-

ly, under strict charges of secrecy, received ten shillings in the pound.

Not to dwell on scenes of melancholy, we will translate our heroine from Berkshire to Bolton Row; whither she had moved, on a friendly visit to an old school-fellow, lately married to Mr. Wilmot, a gentleman of fortune: they kept their carriage, and moved in every respectable circle of polite life.

Ellen, though introduced in all the pensive shade of sorrow, was not, naturally, of a grave or a reserved disposi-

tion. On the contrary, an almost perpetual smile, expressed the naïveté and bewitching frankness of her character—she resembled the “blue-eyed maid, and “the white bosomed nymph of Erin,” so celebrated by the bards of old. Softness, delicacy, and candour, borrowed new attraction from her social manners. Her figure, when in motion, was dangerously interesting—graceful, yet agile—love, only, was wanting to give, if possible, an increased lustre to her dazzling beauty.

Meanwhile, the executors having

written to Montague in St. Domingo, he replied, to our heroine, as follows.

“ St. Marc, Aug. 17, 1797.

“ My dear Cousin,

“ Suffer me, I entreat, to condole with you on the loss you have sustained—You are too unfashionable, I am persuaded, to be offended at my so doing—virtuous minds do not easily forget the deserved objects of their affections.

“ You will deem me equally ungallant, and insensible, when I tell you it is my intention to renounce all claim to my

late uncle's will, as well as all pretension to the still richer gift he would have made me.

“ Nay, do not start !—’tis even so—and lest you may think me stupidly romantic, I pray you to judge, ere you condemn, me.

“ At my father's death, I took leave of College, and giddily whirled up to town. Here, I soon found my minority allowance of eight hundred a year very inadequate to my expences, and there being little difficulty in raising money

from the convenient Israelites, I signed away a large portion of my fortune before I came of age.

“ In a life of dissipation, when every folly is hailed as a coming pleasure, I made many FRIENDSHIPS, that were dear to me, both male and female.

“ Need I add, ALL were unblushing traitors to the cause, as soon as fortune fled me.

“ Too much sensibility, perhaps, served to embitter this disappointment,

which example ought to make us familiar with. Confinement gave new impetus to my lacerated feelings, till I indulged, with increasing avidity, a general hatred towards my fellow creatures.

“ Under this impression—which I fondly cherish—would it be honourable, in me, to offer you a heart estranged from the common humanities of nature?

“ No, beauteous Ellen ! enrich with your person and accomplishments some worthier pretender to your lovely hand.

I am not a stranger to your worth—nor
am I blind to my own demerits

“ May Heaven direct your choice !

“ It is my intention to return home
very shortly ; indeed, I have, already,
applied for leave. The little I have
amassed, will clear off my debts, and
procure me an annuity of one hundred
and fifty pounds a year ; on which,
I shall *still* eat the bread of indepen-
dence.

“ The world I shall shun ; but at your

door I shall beg an early admittance at my return. Farewell!

Believe me to be,

My dear Cousin,

Your affectionate friend,

M. BURGOYNE."

The perusal of this letter, at first, filled Ellen with surprise; but that cold unfeeling sentiment soon yielded to a softer emotion.

She read the letter again, and again—
what sentiment! . . . what delicacy! . .

how improperly did she appreciate the destiny that awaited her !

“ Amiable youth ! ”—she murmured in soliloquy—“ *O, what a noble mind is here o’erthrown !* ”

At first, a playfulness mingled with the involuntary recollections of this magic letter ; but Ellen suffered herself to dwell so often, and so sweetly, on the pleasing theme ; that, at length, a visionary passion filled her bosom, and the yielding gentleness of her dispo-

sition encouraged the dangerous intruder.

Imagination embodied this idol of her soul, whose benign looks pierced to her very heart's existence.

She would sit, pensively, in the twilight's interesting shade ; and, lost in the delirium of seducing fancy, hang upon his smile—the dulcet melody of his voice would steal on her 'raptured ear—her eye gazed enamoured with his manly beauty.

At these moments, Ellen represented the Sappho divested of voluptuous languor.

Her pure soul was unconscious of a thought that angels might not have listened to. She was calm in the bosom of visionary transports—viewing, without partaking them : her mind, awakened to enthusiasm, was unchecked by the rigid rules of cold philosophy : her tongue, it is true, was silent ; but a certain glow flushing her cheek, ebb'd and flow'd to the pulses of her agita-

ted bosom, and every feature was eloquent.

This was the metamorphosis of protean love—how changed !

Lovely reader, let me conduct you, twelve months past, to the seat of Mr. Loftus, in Berkshire—behold the blooming Ellen, leading her uncle through the gay parterre—her countenance breathing the animated touches of unsophisticated nature.

Persuasion hung upon her balmy

lips, and her softened voice gave interest to every word she uttered. In sportive admiration she would mark the gaily blossomed flowret, distinguishing those most favoured with the rosy touches of her tapered finger.

Her elastic gait—so free, so wild, so unrestrained—was grace personified; and laughing joy beamed gaily in her sportive smile.

This flower-garden led to a verdant lawn sloping to a narrow trout-stream.

Here, Ellen had fitted up a little summer library, embosomed in a wilderness of sweets.

The arbutus covered with fruit—the blooming moss rose—the creeping jessamine—and the luxuriant myrtle—in part concealed the building from the view.

In the pebbled front, the small antique casement was obscured with wreaths of pendent passion flowers, in luxuriant drapery:—a delicious perfume stole from the sweetly scented mignonette,

that mingled with the purple violet beneath ; and the moss clad porch was supported by four small fluted pillars entwined with the scarlet woodbine.

At his Ellen's side, the good Mr. Loftus would sit, for hours, listening to the melody of her harp—the pathos of a favorite author—or the smiling charms of her sportive conversation.

These were halcyon days !—

Removed to London ; Ellen, hitherto, was a novice in the fashionable world :

It was not the season to be in town ; but Mrs. Wilmot was compelled to be un-
tonish,^{*} in consequence of her expected confinement.

** John*

The green park was a favourite lounge with Ellen. She walked there, almost every morning, before breakfast : at first, with a book, which she fancied she might indulge, in reading, beneath the shady trees that bound the canal ; but she was soon convinced of her error.

Men of fashion, in London, are too

politely attentive to the ladies to allow them these solitary enjoyments—some impertinent puppy, or other, always drove her from the study, and she found it even *unsafe* to walk without the attendance of her footman.

Other leisure parts of the day were, chiefly, devoted to music, or to drawing; and the Stranger in London did not even pant to see the shows.

At length, while our heroine was pleasing herself with the anxiously expected arrival of Montague Burgoyne,

and laying little *selfish* p'ans to restore him to society ; the papers announced his capture on his passage from St. Domingo, with the melancholy addition of his having been shot, with others at the Gonaives, by order of Toussaint.

This overwhelming intelligence harrowed every feeling in the bosom of the gentle Ellen—so melancholy a fate! —to die by the brutal decree of a barbarian, for no other crime than his color!

Poor Ellen ! how would she have felt,

had she been aware of the dreadful similarity between his fate, and that of her parents—but oftentimes,

“Ignorance is bliss !”

It became, now, necessary that our heroine, should appeal to reason to arm her against self : gradually, the absurdity of her sorrow mellowed into compassion for her cousin’s wayward fate ; till, at length, she *taught* herself to view the subject with that good sense, which had always guided her, on less romantic occasions.

The birth-day passed; and now the fashionable world began to usher in the *approach* of winter.

Ellen was delighted with the opera—the brilliancy of the circle filled her with admiration.

At the attitudes of Parisot, the grace of Rose, the vigor of Didelot, the fascination of Hilligsberg, she gazed with surprise—but, to the soul thrilling notes of Banti, her responsive feelings melted with congenial ecstasy.

It would appear, that the introduction of Italian music into this country, had vitiated the national character, and transformed the rough Englishman into the effeminate Venetian.

The strains of our bards of old, though simple, were animated :

*“ The sprightly harp’s melodious voice,
“ arose from the strings of Ossian—the
“ soul melted away in the sounds—for the
“ heart, like a stream, flowed, gently, away
“ in the song.”*

They recorded the customs, manners, virtues, and heroism of the day.

Traditionary poetry was adapted to music, and the most perfect harmony prevailed. Each verse was so connected with those which preceded or followed it, that if one line had been remembered in a stanza, it was almost impossible to forget the rest. The cadences flowed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so adapted to the common turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was almost im-

possible, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another.

Such *was* harmony!—but FASHION is the god of gods, and lord of lords.

Fashion commands the understanding to bow before a pandemonium of idols—and foreign fiddlers teach us how to hear, by tones—half tones—and cadences; while the professor runs his skilful finger from G on the base to G in alt.

The ear is thus drilled into taste; and

the senses taught, like war horses, to stand fire—when the full clangor of the orchestra bursts, suddenly, upon them.

The simple * ballad is unknown ; in-

* It is most singular, that Banti possessed the secret of reaching the heart, almost as powerfully as Mrs. Siddons, and yet was deficient, altogether, in science.

The compass of her voice was sweet, flexible, and impressive ; and as the lady was usually inspired before she made her appearance, she wildly gave the rein to her powers, which sport-

somuch, that the lullaby of a fashionable-nursery maid, closes, ~~at~~ every stanza, with an Italian grace.

And who composes the brilliant throng of *dilletanti* which fashionably crowd this fairy scene?

Lords and ladies—matrons and misses—
—jews and gentiles—one half of whom:

ed, unchecked, through the mazy changes of the most difficult passages, with an effect, daring and impressive beyond the aid of language to describe.

do not understand the language of the piece ; and the other half—have neither taste nor science : but fashion will *become* all wonder at the lengthened *sostenuto*—suffer with the colicky *cromatique*—inspire with the bold *soprano*—yield to the soft *piano*—brighten with the merry *Allegro*—mourn with the slow *Adagio*

And, at the superlative *bravura*—burst into noisy, rapturous, * clamors of applause !

* Mrs. Bland and Mrs. Liston are the only

And now our heroine was ushered into the stream of fashion, whose irresistible current bears all before it.

At first, the novelty of parties was pleasing; but Ellen soon perceived the repetition of these galas to be nothing more than a round of insipid sameness—

Every drawing room presented the

chaste singers in England, and cannot be too much applauded for their perseverance in propriety.

same faces ; and the confusion, glitter, and expence, was every where alike.

This fashionable association, so madly pursued by the HAUTONTIADES, might be tolerated if it were *confined* to the folly and profusion so eminently conspicuous in the higher circles ; but when Vice reigns mistress of the revels, Morality will call Satire to her aid, to scourge the miscreant from society.

A fashionable London rout has been so often described, that I will not vapour my fair readers, with a *de capo* of

the strain ; and the more so, as this work is most especially written for the entertainment of personages elegantly *au fait* on the subject.

But as neither the Bishops, the Bow-Street officers, nor the Satirist have been able to expel the pharo table from houses of fashion ;—

And, as neither the pride of birth, the pomp of office, nor the dignity of virtue, are protections against fashionable licentiousness—the unblushing gamester—male as well as female—votes admo-

dition to be a bore, and pursues, unceasingly, the unprincipled career.

And why, *unprincipled*?

Because there are TITLED SWINDLERS, who laugh at our laws—PRIVILEGED KNAVES, who rob the industrious tradesman to pay a debt of honor to a black-leg—DEGRADED REPTILES, who *purchase* goods for the hammer, and revel, in all fashionable debaucheries, at the expense of honest families whom their depravity has ruined!

Heaven-born privileges! Grand boast
of our constitution!

To prove, however, that these high-born distinctions are not confined to England, I pray the reader to con the following emulative description of the Neapolitan nobility, as given by Kotzebue, on his late travels.

“ The higher classes of Naples are the savages of Europe—they eat, drink, sleep—GAME!

“ They neither have, nor want, any other occupation than the last.

“The states of Europe are overthrown—they game not the less—

“Pompeii comes forth from his grave—still they game—

“The earth shakes—Vesuvius vomits forth its flames—yet the gaming table is not forsaken—

“The splendid ruins of Pæstum, in the immediate vicinity of the city, are only known to strangers—the Neapolitans being incessantly engaged in gaming—

“ Prince Rufandò, descended from one of the proudest families of Naples, is keeper of the principal gaming house in the city : and many of the first nobility follow his noble example.

“ *Thither all the great world hasten at the approach of evening. Strangers must be presented ; but that is merely form. The guest makes a slight incli-

* As the English noblesse *used* to *drive*, after the Opera, to Saint James's Square ; and *now do* to every fashionable Square, or Street, in London—*pour s'amuser !*

♦ nation to his host ; who, as slightly, returns it : but it is an invariable rule not to speak.

“ In other respects, it is like a coffee room ; with this exception, that you cannot procure refreshments at any rate.

“ A spacious ill-furnished room is the rendezvous of the rouge-et-noir and faro tables. An immense pile of chairs, heaped in a corner, are your assurance of the number of guests expected ; who, as they enter, rush towards the glitter-

ing tables, and fix their gloating eyes on the golden hoard.


“ Scarcely a whisper is articulated ;— a louder key would be silenced by an universal groan from the company.

“ Females of every age and class degrade their sex and character by mingling with this rapacious band.

“ The princess N——, for instance, is a professed gamester. Even divines and children game—the infant daughter of the Marquis Berio, who is scarcely

eight years of age, is a constant attendant at *this pastime*.

“It is maintained, by some, that Prince Rufando ensures a yearly income of five thousand ducats, by this degrading traffic—by others, it is limited to a daily pension of twelve ducats, for converting his palace into a gaming *house!”



* M—— used to allow Mrs. S—— twenty guineas per night, for admitting his pharo table.

“ pliments to Mrs. D—— and desires
“ the honour of her company, on Sun-
“ day evening next, to a *wicked* rubber.”

‘ This was considered so great an insult to the ladies of Edinburgh, that even the elevated rank of the beautiful *offender

* Her ladyship bestowed her fair hand on a very handsome youth, much her inferior, in Scotland; and has since become a very domestic character.

It is unfortunate, however, that one extreme usually produces another. Love omnipotent has assimilated her ladyship’s taste to that of her hus-

did not shield her from their public resentment.

When fashion, resolving to exile decency, protracted the entertainments of the Opera House to a shameful encroachment on the Sabbath day, the venal Caricaturist ridiculed the Bench of Bishops, for resolving to oppose the encroaching evil, with strokes of brilliant humour that rebuked severity; and although the performances have since

band; and the *aërial sprite* is transformed into an *inflated gourmande*!

been limited to their hour, I do not find the sanctity of the day, otherwise, more respected by those who should give example to their inferiors.

That a tradesman, nailed behind his counter all the week, should hail Sunday as a day of pastime, is reconcileable both to justice and the moral fitness of things.

And how are his eagerly expected wishes gratified?

In a harmless stroll to Bagnigge Wells,

or White Conduit House : to Hampstead, or to Highgate Hills—his wife and children partake, and enhance, his enjoyment ; and, while they sip their holiday cup of tea, he smokes his pipe in freedom and honest independance.

“ A contented mind ”—says Sterne—
“ is the best offering we can make to
“ our Creator.”

How beautifully does he enforce this sensiment, by grouping a pleasant family, from the grandfather, to his little prattling offspring, dancing after supper.

on the green, in manifestation of their gratitude to Heaven.

But where is the sublimity of thought or action, attributable to our higher circles? How do they manifest their gratitude for the superior blessings they enjoy?

In an ambitious study to mock every divine ordinance, by making the commandment, on the Sabbath, the object of their ridicule; and the day of Rest the especial season of their revelry.

Lest any one should doubt this fact I will expose its source, and explain its progress.

Education—nay, start not!—for modern education has been brought forward in a public court of justice, in extenuation of offences, proved to be the *natural result* of early principles, fashionably inculcated to the eradication of all morality.

I readily anticipate the frown of indignation with which the female world will receive an opinion, thus boldly, ad-

vanced; but, however gallant my nature, I shall not, in this instance, sacrifice truth to politeness.

I admit, that education is among the fashions of the day ; and, if expence be the criterion by which its morality is to be adjudged, the verdict will be in favour of prevalent accomplishments.

Pray, what are prevalent accomplishments ?

Not, simply, a total disregard of every useful branch of education,—not

an exclusive attention to those graceful *nothings* which are called the standard of female perfection—*money always excepted*—not a sovereign disregard to the laws of humanity, decency, and morality.

The evil still goes farther—

Instead of religious principles, a fashionable “INFIDEL CODE” has crept into society, where it is become a cherished guest, by the aid of whose destructive sophistry all human ties are dissolved.

The parent and the child—the husband and the wife—acknowledge no other bonds than those of mutual convenience, and public opinion is become the God of universal IDOLATRY.

Public opinion!—the fanaticism that often estranges reason, and makes a monster of its votaries.

Of this fact, a most impressive instance is given in the following anecdote.

In the height of the French revolu-

tion, a Mademoiselle Therouanne—previously celebrated for her youth, extraordinary beauty, and *feminine* attractions—actuated by this demon, headed a party of sanguinary rabble, on the memorable 10th of August, displaying equal courage, presence of mind, and ferocity, in her command.

This lady, afterwards, became the intimate friend of Counsellor Sheares—who since suffered in Ireland for his politics—and she received him in a boudoir, *adorned* with a pike, a dagger, a

broad sword, a case of pistols, and a bonnet rouge.

At length, enamoured with her beauty, and a thousand playful graces that would, at times, characterize her nature, he demanded her blood-stained hand in marriage.

She replied—drawing a pistol from the wall—“ *One other word, on that subject, and you are a dead man.*”

External show is the supreme good, and dissipation the early lesson of youth.

To lure a man of wealth into marriage ;
to manage an intrigue with address ; or
to achieve a divorce with eclat ; are
among the *enviable* attributes of female
proficiency.

And as the ground work of reputation, the grand maxim of earliest tuition is *thus* understood :

“ There can be no wrong while appearances are preserved.”

Hence the early induction to the gaming table, private theatricals, and

pic nic *revelries : all scenes *contrived* to contaminate the *innocent* novice, and to facilitate the indulgence of every

* *Much* may be done, behind the curtain, when *modesty* permits *little* deviations, from decorum, before it.

For instance, hunt the slipper is a game, among ADULTS, certainly pregnant with susceptibilities ; and a flounced chemise, even when protected by the outwork of an India muslin petticoat, is no very strong rampart against the *bombardments* inseparable from this amusement.

sensuality among the more experienced sages of the age.

Môthers and daughters are not only the jealous rivals of each other ; but are, often, *known* to entertain the same gal-lant—but while the *humane* * matron holds out a sanctuary to the female

* In Paris, it is by no means unusual to see written on a board, “ RIBAUD,” or any other name—“ ABORTIONAIRE.”

The *arts* are certainly in a state of great improvement !

wanderer, with accommodations proportioned to her means, shame is no longer a draw-back on curiosity ; for,

“ Skilful amateurs can blush like virgin brides.”

One of the first masters, necessary to a young lady entering on her teens, is the drill serjeant ; the very *nature* of whose lessons familiarizes the *opening* mind to throw off all resemblance to the sensitive plant.

This broad shouldered gentleman is

succeeded by a black Hercules ; who, arrayed in all the imposing externals of Rosa Matilda's turban'd Zofloya, teaches his lovely pupil to wanton to the tambourine, in the voluptuous movements of a figurante.

Next follows the Signior Soprano, whose business it is to *awaken* the sensibilities of his pupil to the full conception of harmony ; which *sentimental* lesson, certainly, exposes the mind to a *feeling* of dangerous impressions, even when it does no more.

The * botanist—the sculptor—the painter—the antiquarian—follow. . . .

It is related by an officer of dragoons, who visited the museum at Geneva, that his conductress was a beautiful young girl of eighteen—himself, a soldier, not twenty.

* The reader will remember Yorick's story of two unfortunate girls; the one, daughter to an accoucheur, the other, to a leather-breeches maker—both of whom, though intuitively innocent, were *sympathetic* martyrs to their father's professions.

His lovely guide led him through a variety of apartments, detailing every thing that she *could know with propriety*, till at length, they arrived at a closet, which she opened ; but to which, she said, she could not accompany him.

The traveller hastily perused the curiosities ; which consisted in statues, and paintings, of naked figures.

“ Did you employ any gallantry on an occasion so propitious—for I think you were without any witness to your

conduct?"—asked a brother officer, to whom, he afterwards related the circumstance.

"Oh"—he replied—"if you could, possibly, conceive how beautiful she looked in my eyes, when I returned! how respectable!—how touching!—She blushed, a little, and was silent: She *knew* the room contained objects improper for the female eye: She *felt* I should make my own conclusions—Yet, was her mind as pure as an angel's!"

This is a very good *traveller's* story;

let the FEMALE PIC NICS decide on the *possibility* and *probability*—as well as the *stupidity*, of the parties, in admiring ART at the expense of NATURE.

There are, also, schools for young women of fashion where carriages are sported for the accommodation of the guests, and splendid parties kept up to familiarize them with the *essentials* of high life.

From one of these hot beds, a young lady of family, lately, eloped with an under gardener ; with whom, of course,

she could not have had any previous acquaintance : but the habit of seeing his ruddy cheeks in passing the *nursery* ground, every morning, engendered on the prolific fancy of the *well-educated* Miss, *certain* extravagances of combination ; which, extending to a nursery of a different description, she determined, like Eve—

“ *To taste and die !*”

How the wedding was managed I do not know, but as the bridegroom thought it would be decorous to give

his lovely bride a companion of her own sex throughout the day, he appointed Mrs. Parsley, a green grocer's wife, to the office; and the party, enlivened by two or three *gentlemen* of his acquaintance, dined at a public-house a few miles from town, at one o'clock, and regaled the whole evening with pipes and tobacco, in a snug arbour in the garden.

Such was the wedding-day of a nobleman's daughter invested with an independant fortune, and the immediate

inheritrix of a peerage in her own right!

To resume the tale.

Their rank in the world, and the claims of society, naturally led Mrs. Wilmot and her fair friend to every place of fashionable resort ; but these amiable ladies had, also, their domestic enjoyments.

Mrs. Wilmot had been brought up under the care of a widowed mother, who freely sacrificed the gew-gaw attractions

of the great world, to devote herself to the cultivation of her daughter's mind : and her maternal anxieties were rewarded, by seeing that daughter, elegant without affectation,—accomplished without depravity.

Such was the female with whom our heroine was now an inmate. Ellen's virtuous education was, therefore, rather improved by the example of her amiable friend, and the nursery afforded them a sweet recess from the noisy tumults of the fashionable world.

For Mrs. Wilmot loved her urchin—dearly loved him—she was his nurse: and joy, more brilliant, flashed from her animated countenance, as she fondly pressed the little leech to her lovely bosom, than ever emanated from the sparkling eyes of conscious beauty, when, evidently, the magnet of a crowded drawing room.

Nor was it whim, caprice, or sentimental sophistry—Such, as the dangerous Rousseau once poured into every high-born female bosom, and with such ascendancy, that the lovely, blooming,

and universally admired, Duchess of Featherhead, renounced all the glowing vanities of her heart, to become a * nurse to the beautiful Georgina ; and bartered the flattery of contending coxcombs, for the cherub-smile of her dimpled infant.

Mr. Wilmot, too, was a family man ; and, as theirs had been a love-match—not according to its usual ac-

* This *singular* experiment was made on the present Lady M——— the *supposed* daughter of a certain P———

ception ; but a union founded on mutual esteem—these domestic parties were, at once, chearful, rational, and instructive.

But the life of Ellen was not doomed to pass without other chequerings. Her beauty, her accomplishments, her fortune, placed her in a point of view to excite much public notice—and admiration could not fail to follow.

Many were the flippant pretenders to her particular notice. Some, enslaved by her beauty—others, by her fortune :

but the elegance of a fashionable shrug, and the merits of a compliment dressed in fashionable *slang*, were equally unintelligible to our heroine; yet the smile of affability always rewarded their *polite* attention.

Among the herd, however, most assiduous in her train, was the honourable Colonel Colville of the guards; who, being the younger brother of an ancient family, had little more to recommend him than an handsome person, and his pay.

It was soon observable by the tabbies and scandal mongers, "that Miss Perceval, with all her affected prudery, could be pleased with a handsome fellow's attention, as well as her neighbours."

It is true, Miss Perceval was pleased with the Colonel's attentions, which equally evinced the scholar and the gentleman.—Not, indeed, with any violence of attachment; but with pure, pleasurable, emotions. Her deluded imagination had not quite expelled her visionary passion, and an involuntary.

tear would, sometimes, embalm the memory of her unfortunate cousin Montague.

At length, the Colonel, emboldened by the amiable distinction with which he found himself treated, requested an audience, and declared his passion

Ellen neither fainted, nor wept, on the occasion ; but with a pleasing mixture of dignity and affability, thus replied :

“ I receive, Colonel Colville, the flat-

tering offer you make me, as a proof of your regard, which does me infinite honour : nor will I deny how much I have been pleased with your society : but the question, you put, is of too much magnitude to be lightly answered. Your family must be consulted : and I have friends to whom my welfare is dear.”

The Colonel received these hopes with rapture—called her his better angel—his guardian spirit—and vowed that an eternity of gratitude could not repay his obligation—

“As to my family”—he added—
“they will feel honoured by your preference. They are apprised of my passion, and approve it. My sister, Lady Louisa, is dying to be acquainted with you, and I am commissioned by her to solicit you to receive her as a sister.”

Ellen smiled, and expressed an earnest desire to have the honour of Lady Louisa's acquaintance.

“But she will not come”—said the Colonel, gaily, unless you *suffer* her to call you sister. Louisa is a self-willed little

baggage, and declares she will not love you—except in her own way.”

“Then I must defer the pleasure”—replied our heroine—“you will excuse my leaving you, Colonel, I have an engagement in my dressing-room.”

As she arose to retire, the Colonel, respectfully, advanced; and taking her beauteous, unresisting, hand, imprinted a blushing kiss.

In the solitude of her chamber, Ellen sat down to ponder on the events of

the last half hour ; and, although no violent perturbations swelled her bosom, or enthusiasm crossed reflection, she repeated, to herself, with approbation, the offer that had been made her.

She viewed herself an orphan in the world, surrounded by no common temptations ; and although she did not entertain any doubt of her own conduct, she thought a virtuous woman's best safeguard was the protection of a husband.

With this disposition, she began to

address the dear and valued friend of her earliest youth, the venerable Mrs. Howard, exposing to her the critical state of her heart ; and confiding to her indulgence, the secret hopes, and subsequent pangs, that had alternately pursued her romantic passion for the hapless Montague. She concluded, begging her personal advice.

At three, the carriage had been ordered ; and Ellen hurried from her writing table to dress. When she joined Mrs. Wilmot, the latter received her

with an arch smile, calling her a sly girl.

“No indeed, my love—she replied—
“it was my intention to have made you acquainted with every thing, that has passed, as we took our drive through the park—I have no concealment,”

“Every thing, Ellen?”—was the playful remark of Mrs. Wilmot.

“Yes—Maria! every thing. Is candour so unusual an attribute in

our sex that you should doubt my sincerity?"

"You are serious, Ellen—I am badi-nante; but the carriage waits; and now for the discovery."

To the explanation given by our heroine, Mrs. Wilmot was particularly attentive; telling her, she suspected as much from the extraordinary embarrassment with which the Colonel had saluted her, as they crossed each other, in the passage, on his going away. And then, with friendly solicitude, she en-

quired of Ellen what her intentions were.

“ Really, Maria, I am not prepared for the decision.”

“ Well, then, Ellen, let me help a lame dog over the stile. The Colonel, in the first place, is a very handsome man—but that I suppose I need not tell you”—with a smile of roguery.

“ Proceed.”

“ Secondly, he is a man of family ;

and though I do not suppose him to be a Joseph, his character is not stamped with any fashionable * immorality, that might stagger your prudence. In short he is an agreeable, sensible, charming fellow.

“ And you would have me venture ? ”

* The lady certainly meant that the Colonel had not been tried for a crim. con.—had not ruined his *friend's* daughter—and did not appear *in public*, with a dolly hanging on his arm.

“Eh, pourquoi non?—Your fortune is sufficient for you both, and I think I know you too well, to suppose that would form any barrier.”

In this way, the two friends discussed the subject, and Ellen promised to think of it.

When a young girl, my good friends, has received an offer of marriage, and promises *to think* of it, there is very little doubt as to the result of such *grave reflection*.

Meanwhile, the gay Lady Louisa had been presented to our heroine, and was a very constant morning visitor.

It was impossible to behold Lady Louisa's beauty without admiration ; and she appeared so contented, in herself, that she diffused the charm around her.

Her eyes sparkled with playful intelligence—but they were without softness ; no melting tenderness ever spoke in her agitated frame : a smiling pleasure beamed around her person—so agreeable—

such infinity of drollery—with satire so fine—so pointed—that ennui was banished from every circle she ornamented.

Her ladyship had just left school; and was a resident with her aunt, the Marchioness of H——, the Earl, her father, being a widower of rather a *gay* character.

As an only daughter—estranged from the parental roof—she had experienced little controul. Her natural disposition, therefore, which was gaie, folatre, badi-

nante, began to border on flippancy : and extreme beauty being seldom separable from extreme vanity, hauteur and caprice, too frequently, mingled with her humour.

To all which, let me add a cherished taste for every fashionable profusion, and the Elegante will be complete.

In her new friend, Ellen saw much to admire—much to condemn : she was a glaring proof of the fatality of fashionable education, which suffers evil propensities to branch into luxuriance, while

the better dispositions of the heart wither in the bud, for want of judicious pruning.

The colonel was, also, a constant attendant on the ladies, as the avowed future husband of our heroine, who permitted, rather than appreciated, his attentions, in the garb they now wore.

During this intimate association, Ellen would often condemn her own conduct. She knew not how to be capricious, and could not, therefore, under circumstan-

ces, negative expectations she had, partly, encouraged ; or oppose the good wishes of her friends without assigning some substantial reason : whereas, the only reason she could give was, that she did not *fancy* herself to be in love—She did not feel as she had felt in anticipating the return of her cousin Montague : no painful inquietude invaded her repose, when the Colonel was absent : no flutterings of the heart announced his approach : no thrilling agonies—no extatic smart—throbbed in her heart when he, rapturously, kissed her passive hand.

.....

No ! hers was a calm approbation of the man whom she was about to call her husband—a negative admiration—not wholly unqualified—that would better apply to the merit of a friend ; than to the ardor of a favored lover.

She, sometimes, thought his *natural* disposition not perfectly free from exception, although his *assumed* deportment was certainly engaging.

Three months passed in this way, and the Colonel had not advanced his suit,

although the whole town, eagerly, announced the wedding, when an unforeseen event was propitious to his wishes.

The perturbed state of Ireland, and the new politics of a new legislature, having made a total change in the supreme, as well as military, appointments in that branch of the united kingdom ; Colonel Colville was appointed to the command of the Dublin district with the rank of Brigadier General.

A soldier is the slave of circumstances, and imperious honor calls on him to

obey. No alternative, save one, was left to Ellen.

To marry, or not to marry ?

The Colonel had a host in the Wil-
mots, and a corps de reserve in his sis-
ter.

Ellen surrendered ; when an early
day was appointed for their marriage at
St. George's, Hanover Square ; from
whence the family party set out for Mrs.
Colville's cottage in Berkshire ; and,
having passed a delightful fortnight,

they returned to town, where every preparation had been made for their departure.

Lady Louisa, delighted with her sister, consented to accompany them to Ireland ; and, a few evenings after, they set off in a travelling carriage, attended by the General's staff and suit, for Holyhead.

The Earl of Belmont had been extremely polite, attentive, and gallant, to his daughter-in-law, to whom he pre-

sented, on her marriage, a suit of extraordinary fine pearls—

But his Lordship was celebrated for his devotion to the fair sex ; and, notwithstanding his being on the wrong side of fifty, was still a *dangerous* companion.

Take the following sketch of his Lordship's character, while our travellers pursue their route.

The death of his father, while he was still a boy at Westminster, had given him

an Earldom at a time of life when the vanities of the human heart are most susceptible. He grew up in the unwearyed pursuit of pleasure, till he became accomplished in the path of vice.

Seduction was familiar to the boy of eighteen, whose every study was included in the arcana of saying and doing a thousand little *inexpressibles*—utterly incomprehensible to vulgar minds—made up of the insinuating relatives of tenderness, deference, and adulation.

His soul conceived stratagems ; and

his eloquent eyes gave them the most fascinating forms :—he saw—and conquered !

“ What a want of knowledge does that man betray ”—according to Sterne —“ who suffers the word LOVE to escape his lips, till an hour or two after his silence has become, visibly, tormenting.

“ A course of small quiet attentions— not so pointed as to alarm—nor so vague as to be misunderstood—with, now, and then, a look of kindness, and little or nothing said upon it—leaves

nature for your mistress, and she fashions it to her mind."

These were the young Earl's principles: and successful practice confirmed their supremacy in the *noble* art of seduction; leaving, behind, so alluring a ruin, that youth and beauty still are tributary to the refinements of sensuality.

His lordship did not—like a certain noble Duke—keep female jackalls to allure each band-box'd female to his den: nor did he tempt poverty, with gold, to

wander from the paths of virtue. His voluptuous love panted for more sublime enjoyment. He sought out maiden beauty, decorated with tempting youth, and elevated rank—he attacked the virtuous wife whom he found happy in the affections of her lord, and devoted to her rising family—

These were his victims ; for *they* yielded to *sentiment*, and rewarded *love*.

This practice was so regular, that he would exclaim, when unemployed, in humble imitation of the Roman Empe-

ror, who deplored, that on a certain day, he had not done *one* good action.

“ I have lost a day.”

Yet his Lordship's life was a continued scene of misery in the midst of fancied enjoyment.

The nauseating fondness of the devoted novice, who considered herself wholly entitled to his person..

The tormenting jealousy of the more experienced sinner.

Watched by one—suspected by another—reviled by a third : persecuted with compliments—threatened with revenge—distracted with doubts !

Such was the existence of this noble Lord, who had made PLEASURE the sole study of his life ; and who, from habit and constitution, suffered the prevailing yoke of beauty, still, to enthrall his declining years.

His Lordship's eldest son was a Senator, enlisted under the banners of Gene-

ral Pitt, in opposition to "ALL THE TALENTS;" but the lordling was to the minister, as the buffoon is to the charlatan.

He amused the house with an incomprehensibility of * voluble declamation,

* A Barrister of eminence, having received some important information, relative to a newly acquired colony, requested an audience of my Lord C—— *then* Secretary to the colonial department, for the purpose of disclosing its contents.

At the reading, however, the attention of the

by way of throwing dust into the people's eyes, while his superior was sily putting his hand into their pockets.

noble Lord was lost in yawnings and twirlings of his watch chain, instead of attention to the documents before him : at length, offended beyond endurance, the visitor observed,

“ My Lord, you do not *appear* interested in my communications, notwithstanding their importance.”

“ Why, to tell you the truth”—he replied—*I don't understand those things.*”

His Lordship, however, is a very *flowery* orator, and *useful* statesman.

A very necessary sort of scaramouch to divert political cavillings, and to keep the ministry bull dogs at bay !

The second son was a Captain in the Royal Navy—a distinction, acknowledged and revered by the four quarters of the globe.

General Colville and Lady Louisa close the family picture.

An avant courier having, previously, engaged a packet, our party merely dined at the Head ; and the wind being

fair, they repaired on board at eight in the evening : at half past the vessel was under weigh.

The ungallant element, as usual, produced the most distressing qualms on our fair voyagers ; they were, however, courageous ; and the wind being brisk without violence, they mounted upon deck by seven, the next morning, to contemplate one of the most imposing sights in nature.

It was a beautiful summer's morning : and the glowing fancy of a Claude

would have dwelt enamoured with the scene ?

Travellers have compared the bay of Naples to the Bay of Dublin—open, capacious, and skirted with the most sublime and romantic imagery.

On entering the Irish Bay, you are seized with the feelings of a child, who eagerly runs into the expanded arms of friendship, for indulgence and protection—it invites you to an asylum with the most fascinating allurements.

To the right, towers the stupendous hill of Howth—to the left, romantick rocks : the intersecting scenery is diversified by parks, plantations, and rivers, dotted with villages, mansions, and ornamented cottages—above which, the Wicklow Mountains embosom in the clouds.

Wild residence of a deluded people !

And why deluded ?

Because, neglected.

Tell 'John Bull—who piques himself.

on the *refinements* of his country, and the *civilization* of its inhabitants—that an Irish mountaineer will call for his wings*, when setting off on a journey,

* “In the remote parts”—says Tynes Mor-
risan, who wrote towards the end of Elizabeth’s
reign—“where the English laws and manners
“are unknown, the very chief of the Irish, as
“well men as women, go naked in the winter
“time ; wearing only a linen rag, and a loose
“mantle.

“This I speak from my own experience ; yet
“remember that a Bohemian Baron, coming out
“of Scotland to us, by the North parts of the

as mechanically as an Englishman would call for his horse, and the *polished gentle-*

“ wild Irish, told me, in great earnestness, that
“ he, coming to the house of O’Kane, a great
“ Lord amongst them, was met at the door by
“ sixteen women, all naked—except thin loose
“ mantles—whereof eight or ten were very fair ;
“ with which strange sight, his eyes being daz-
“ zled, they led him into the house, and then
“ sitting down by the fire with crossed legs, like
“ taylor, desired him to sit down with them.

“ Soon after, O’Kane, the Lord of the coun-
“ try, came in, all naked, except a loose man-
“ tle and shoes, which he put off, as soon as he

man will laugh heartily at the absurdity of the *Irish savage*.

“ came in; and entertaining the Baron after his
“ best manner in the latin tongue, desired him
“ to put off his apparel, which he thought to be
“ a burden to him, and to go naked.

“ Men and women, at night, going to sleep,
“ lie thus naked, in a round circle about the
“ fire, with their feet towards it. They fold
“ their heads, and their upper parts, in woollen
“ mantles, first steeped in water to keep them
“ warm,—for they say, that woollen cloth, wet-
“ ted, preserves heat (as linen cloth wetted, pre-

Let it, however, be remembered by the philanthropist, that,

As long as the ambition of an Irish peasant is, constitutionally, restricted to a mud cabin—as long as a man, his wife, and a dozen children, can eat, drink, and sleep, in the same miserable hovel, with their pigs and their cow, when rich enough to have them—as long as

“ serves cold) when the smoke of their bodies
“ has warmed the woollen.”

these miserable * cottiers are fated to live on potatoes all the year round—strangers, mostly, to the indulgence of a bit of “*staggering bob*” when in season, or the comforts of a glass of whiskey to keep out the cold, while toiling in the bogs from morning to night—as long as the rights of human beings are denied to this hardy, miserable, race—IGNORANCE will lead them into ERROR, and

* Cottagers.

† Slink calf—a great delicacy among the cutters of turf, and others of the lower order of poor.

BIGOTRY maintain the cause with **BLOOD-SHED.**

Like a rough diamond, however, an Irishman conceals beneath this rugged exterior—that state policy *forbids* to polish—brilliant and valuable qualities.

He is, by nature, endowed with wit, promptitude, and ingenuity—while his heart is open, warm, and generous.

Courteous, almost to servility, with those who treat him kindly—despe-

rate to madness, in resenting an injury —hospitable, humane, and unsophisticated.

The needy traveller sojourns from town to town, heedless of his empty pockets. At the different hours of rest he presents himself at the nearest cabin —he is received with a “*caith miel a fal-troth**,” and the largest † potatoe on the dish, is offered to the stranger by his warm-hearted host and family.

* Hundred thousand welcomes.

† At the poor peasant's, an onion is minced

What refinements of hospitality can exceed this genuine effusion of the soul?—

Is it among the *polished* lower English, who scrupulously measure every feature of a traveller with the eye of suspicion, and who have not even civility to *offer*,

into a small wooden bowl with water; into which *savory* mixture, the guests dip their potatoes.

Another *delicacy* is, to place *part* of a herring in the centre of the table, to which it is the practice to *point* the potatoe about to be eaten. This is called “**POTATOE and POINT.**”

till they are assured it will not be given away?

It was said by my Lord Chesterfield, when Viceroy of Ireland—"God has done every thing for this country ; Man nothing."

An Irishman, indeed, would say "God and SAINT PATRICK," as he most religiously believes the country indebted to that popular Saint, for the removal of all venomous animals, as well as other peculiar blessings.

On their landing, the City presented to our travellers—accustomed to the wond'rous extent of London—a beautiful miniature of an enlarged painting, whose harmonious features, though less striking, are more impressive than those of the vast original.

Dublin has to boast of several public buildings worthy the attention of the traveller : among the foremost are,

The Parliament House, built of Portland stone ; a beautiful structure of the Ionic order.

Trinity College, likewise of Portland stone; of the Corinthian order, with superb pilastres and festoons. It admits five hundred students: The fellows are restricted from marriage. This building occupies a portion of College Green, and commemorates the fourth day of every November, by a grand gala in honour of King William, which is always honoured with the attendance of the Viceroy.

The Royal Exchange, after the Corinthian order, presents three fronts of Portland stone, surmounted by a central

dome. The entrance by a magnificent flight of stone stairs.

Saint Patrick's Abbey—Bank—House of Lords, &c. &c. are also among the number.

This city possesses one strikingly eminent advantage over England. The streets and squares intended to be superb, are uniformly so.

The shopkeeper, does not, as in London, strut, cheek-by-jowl, with the nobleman—beauty and regularity pervade

the whole; among the most distinguished are,

Montague, Rutland, and * Merriion Squares—Sackville and Westmoreland Streets. Grafton Street is their Bond Street.

Among the attractions of this particular spot, stands foremost, "THE

* Leinster House, occupies one side of this square. It is the residence of the Duke of that name, and the only nobleman of that rank in Ireland.

“PRINCE OF WALES’S WAREHOUSE”
—one of those *convenient* retreats which
are set apart, in every metropolis, and,
indeed, at every watering place; for the
indulgence of the voluptuary, who will
have the *first fruits*, in season, coute
qu’il coute.

A certain sentimental *stranger* in
France, though well acquainted with
the language, found a difficulty in trans-
lating a sign thus inscribed,

“*L’on fait nœces ici.*”

But the stranger in Ireland—particularly if he be of gallantry—soon learns to translate the “*Ich * Dien*” over Mrs. B——’s door—and, although many ladies of ton, *affect* not to frequent this fashionable shop, beautiful women abound there as well as beautiful fruits; and *delicacies*, of every description, are *purchaseable*.

It would be unfair to close this anecdote without a sketch of Mrs. B——, whose humane and benevolent character

* Literally—“ I SERVE.”

is a proverbial blessing among the poor.

The determined foe to indiscretion, in the first instance, notwithstanding she appears its patron in a more advanced stage ; and the steady friend of the repentant sinner, whom she makes, alike, the welcome partaker of her counsel and her purse.

Let us contrast this *pest to society*, as the rigid moralist will call her, with the *severe virtues* of the Good citizen.

A beautiful young creature, of respectable family, seduced by the systematic arts of an embroidered villain, lately absconded from her family, to domesticate with her destroyer in the neighbourhood of Paddington ; where they passed for man and wife.

A short time, however, withdrew this flimsy veil of respectability—she was deserted by her keeper ; and left a prey to remorse, that brought with it a long and severe illness.

At length, partially recovered, she

hastened from her detested lodgings, pennyless, and an invalid, in the resolution of *suing* for forgiveness from her parents, and passing her future life in penitence.

But her parents spurned her from their door! Rendered desperate by this last act of cruelty, the unhappy young lady staggered to a public house, where she desired to have a private room.

The servant, shortly after, going in to inquire if she wanted any thing, found

the wretched victim of seduction—
the ABANDONED CHILD—a strangled
corpse !.....

The river Liffey—like the Thames—
meandres through the city, but in a
much more narrow stream : it may be
crossed by three bridges ; the finest of
which is Essex Bridge.

The quays are beautiful ; particularly
Ormond quay, which skirts Essex
bridge, and extends on a plain one mile
and a half long.

This season of the year is as inimical to gaiety in Dublin, as in London: a ceremonious visit or two at the Viceroy's were, therefore, almost the only engagements the ladies had in town; but little temporary excursions into the county of Wicklow, opened to their raptured contemplation some of the rarest beauties in nature.

The Black Rock—Battersdown—Dunleary—and, Bray were among their favourite excursions; and, as the naïveté of the Irish character unfolded to

their view, Mrs. Colville and Lady Louisa became enthusiasts in their praise.

One morning, the ladies were indulging a romantic stroll along the sands which border the Black Rock, with a wildness of mirth, and bounding step, not uncharacteristic of the country * Ellen Colville *claimed* as her own ; when the lateness of the hour put them in mind of the distance they must have wandered.

* Born in *England* with the hereditary heart of an *Irishwoman*.

“ How shall we get back to the carriage ? ”—said our heroine.

“ Oh, never fear, my dear ”—answered her gay companion—“ This is the land of chivalry—and lo ! a knight approaches in disguise.”

It was really so—a peasant had just turned a projection on the cliffs ; and was approaching in a step that bespoke a heart at ease, to the strains of an ancient national ballad.

“ Oh ”—said Ellen, pressing the arm

of Lady Louisa—"what sweetness!—
what touching expression in these
sounds!—.....are such the barba-
rians of this isle?"

"I am not skilled in the musty old
odes of Ossian"—retorted Lady Louisa,
with a smile—"but simplicity and sub-
limity—however strange the union—
harmonize so sweetly, in that song, that
the unaffected pathos cheers and elevates
the mind." •

"You are, positively, dwindling in-
to a sentimentalist, my dear Louisa—

my word for it, you will, some day or other, become an Irishman's wife."

"Wife?..... O, che boccone!—What, tamely resign my person to be shut up in some old crazy castle—the former gala residence of my Milesian Lord's proud ancestry—among ghosts, fairies, hobgoblins, and falling turrets? my travels confined to his DOMAIN; or, more aptly, the POTATOE RIDGE that skirts his *splendid* ruins? No!—Ellen, love and liberty is my motto, and shall be my pursuit through life."

“Admirably said—but matrimony, Lady Louisa, is a great leveller: and you would not be the first *independant princess* who has been dismounted from her stilts, by that said mystic ceremony—but a truce to raillery. I will address this peasant.”

“We have lost our way, good friend, can you assist us in finding it?”

“Assist you in finding it, my lady?”

—aye, by my faith and troth*, and that I will, if it was to the world's end, and farther too."

" We wish to return, by the shortest way, to the Black Rock."

" Indeed and you will—so please your ladyship's honour—and O'Callaghan's

* I endeavour to give the idiom of the country, but the brogue is not to be described : any attempt so to spell the words would, only, perplex the reader, without assisting the cause.

own self shall show you the way, and then you can't miss it, you * know.

“ We would not give you so much trouble, Mr. O'Callaghan.

“ It is never a trouble—so please you my Lady—for an Irishman to do his duty.”

* An English boor will mostly set a stranger wrong—sometimes from ignorance; but, more frequently, from design.

This sentence was accompanied by a bow, and expression, feelingly, eloquent.

When we are particularly pleased with any sound, it is natural to examine the source of that pleasure—the eyes of the ladies turned towards their companion.

This son of Hibernia might have been two-and-thirty,—tall, robust ; his limbs combining strength with agility.

His countenance was devoid of that

ruddy flush of health, which distinguishes the English peasant, but his features were lively, and intelligent, although somewhat clouded by a black matted beard. His * brogues depended from the shilclah which crossed his shoulders :

* Shoes with wooden bottoms.

Mr. Vandeleur, of the Irish House of Commons, declared in his place, that the proposed tax on leather would be severely felt, by the *bare-footed* peasantry, if passed into a law.—Upon which Sir Boyle Roach *shrewdly* remarked, that the evil would not be felt, as their under *leathers* were made of wood.

the upper part of his brawny legs were clothed in the ancient costume, which leaves the feet and ankles naked ; and a huge mantle *buttoned* across his breast with a characteristic * skewer.

“ Whither do you travel, friend ? ”—
said Mrs. Colville.

“ To Dublin, so please you, my lady
—sure all the world knows that Judy

* The Irish Johnstone appears in some character, covered with a blanket so skewered—it is perfectly classical.

O'Flannagan will be married to-morrow, God willing! to Pat Ryan; and Pat, you know, is my own foster brother—because why, we had but one nurse between us, and that was my mother—but she died one day—the Lord rest her sweet soul!—and left me an orphan: for my father married again, and his new wife was the devil's own child, and did nothing but beat me from morning till night—Och, why did'nt I die before I was born to see that day—for, by Saint Patrick, the woman's heart was as hard, and as cold, as a hail stone."

“ But what reason could she have to treat you so unmercifully ?”

“ Ah, my Lady, and sure enough, there are always reasons, as plenty as buttermilk, for being hard hearted ; and I was no bigger than a dumpling at the time—so I could not help myself ; and my father did not care to help me ; and so I hopped the twig ; and parted old nick’s darling—Och, may the devil fire her wherever she goes—but here I am alive, and leaping, and going to see Pat married ; and faith, to do him justice, he’s an honest lad as any within ten

miles of us—and no disparagement neither—and I love Pat, and I love all his family ; aye, by my soul do I, every mother's skin of them—and, by the same token, I have travelled many a long mile to be present at his wedding."

" Your miles in Ireland, are much longer, than ours, I believe ?"

" Indeed, and you may believe that, my Lady, because why, Saint Patrick measured them in his coach, you know; Oh, by the powers!—the time has been—but 'tis no matter, the devil a copper,

now, belongs to one of the family—but as I was saying, the day has been, aye by my troth, and the night too, when the O'Callaghans, good luck to them, held up their heads as high as the best; and though I have not a rood of land *belonging* to me but what I *hire*—and that from an old flinty-hearted * *middle-man*—I love my king—and I love my

* There are several persons to be supported *between* the land proprietor and the worker of the land: hence, the extreme poverty of these miserable people. Even the clergy farm their tithes to middle men, called proctors, whose infamous

pretty apartments as any in Dublin—a neat, comely, parlour, as you'd wish to see, just six foot under ground, with a nice, beautiful ladder to go down, and all so complete, and genteel, and comfortable, as a body may say"—

“ Nothing like comfort, Mr. O'Callaghan.”

“ Faith, and you may say that—my Lady”—rubbing his hands—“ Comfort is comfort, says I, to Mrs. O'Callaghan, when we are all seated, so cleverly, round a great big turf fire, passing the

whiskey jug, and the * pipe, as merry
as grigs, with the dear little grunTERS

* “ A poor little dwarfish brisk fellow, who
“ stood over against me in the circle, putting
“ something first under his arm, which had
“ once been a hat, took his snuff box out of his
“ pocket, and generously offered a pinch on
“ both sides of him : it was a gift of consequence
“ and modestly declined—the poor little fellow
“ pressed it on them with a nod of welcomeness
“ “ —prenez en—prenez,” said he looking an-
other way—so each took a pinch.”

And why may not I, by way of postscript, add
that a short black stump of pipe, perhaps heredi-
tary, is, *most cordially*, passed round, in Ireland,

snoring, so sweetly, in the corner ; defying wind and weather, with a dry thatch, and a sound conscience to go to sleep upon : Och, jewel, sure its not the best beds that make the best sleepers : for there's Kathleen and myself can

from one to another, on a morning early, as a repellent to the noisome vapours of the bogs, at which men and women labor, indiscriminately, in cutting turf?

This national *bienseance* is always offered with an averted look, to remove obligation.

The Frenchman's was an act of COURTESY. The Irishman's is an act of genuine PHILANTHROPY.

sleep like two great big tops, and our bed is none of the softest, because why, we sleep on the ground, and have no bed at all, at all."

"Pity, my honest fellow, you should ever want one"—said our heroine, placing a guinea in his hand.

"Amen!"—said Lady Louisa, adding another.

Surprise and gratitude, in an undulterated mind, are eloquently dumb.

.....

Irish hospitality is perfectly free from ostentation—it proceeds from a cordial wish to *communicate* pleasure : the guest, therefore, instead of being harassed with ceremony, and fatigued with compliment, finds all the freedom of a hotel, within a gentleman's country * house ; where, in short, every one does as he pleases.

* This *was* the case with the late Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey—but it forms a solitary instance in this country.

For the amusement of his friends ; and, indeed, for that of the whole county ; Mr. Gore has always kept his pack of hounds—his horses—and his sailing boats—the country on the one side, and the sea on the other, giving alternate variety to their pleasurable pursuits.

On the second day, an old Harper—as is the custom of the country—presented himself, at Sea View, with a complimentary set of verses on the company.

Curran, who happened to be of the party, meaning to *quiz* his countryman, requested he might be permitted to repay the bard in literary coin instead of a purse ; and did so.

But the Harper, no way thrown off his guard by this unusual recompence, composed the following * improvisatori on the back of the counsellor's couplet.

* A subscription was instantly made for the *itincrant* wit.

" This the return, by Curran made,
" For a poor poet's strain !
" Was he, for pleading, this way paid,
" He'd never plead again."

The Irish are a nation of wits—
prompt and poignant—whether from
educated, or unsophisticated, minds : the
only difference is, the garb it assumes.

Dean Swift, whose wit *could* be very
broad, was of a churlish disposition ;
and, by his habitual moroseness, became
the terror of all the young idlers about
the streets.

Having, one day, vainly endeavoured to rout a ragged party engaged at marbles, he lost all patience, and advanced with his uplifted cane to chastise the offenders: upon which, a boy of ten years old—folding his arms, and assuming an air of bold defiance—retorted in the Dean's own words.

*" *Get you gone Rawhead and bloody bones !*

" Here is a boy, that don't fear you."

* Part of a nursery song composed by the Dean ; and thus, *pertinently* quoted, by the boy, with witty promptitude.

The Dean loved wit too well not to forgive the boy and to reward him.

Their next visit was to Mr. Grattan's beautiful seat Tinnahinch ; which borders the Dargle, on one side, nearly to its extent.

All that has been said of Swiss scenery, or the lakes of Geneva, even by the most enthusiastic admirers of the beauties of nature, is scarcely adequate to a description of this fairy region. Perhaps the former may excel in sublimity of objects; but nothing can surpass

from an immense height, forms a romantic thunder on the astonished ear.

Here, Mrs. Colville and Lady Louisa became acquainted with the gay, lovely, and interesting Lady Butler ; and the General being called, by his military duties, to a tour of his district, they accepted her ladyship's most pressing invitations to pass the intervening time at her little ferme ornée, a few miles distant.

the objects eagerly visited by the curious traveller.

Indeed, Lady Butler can never ask in vain : every Circean power is hers — and, like the goddess of that name, she makes fascination the handmaid to every voluptuous recreation of mind, of body, and of soul.

With youth, wit, beauty, all peculiarly her own, she became, at a very early age, the wife of my Lord Butler ; who, at the time, had just passed his twenty-first year.

But how uncongenial was the match !

His Lordship's first prospects, in life, held out so few allurements, that the necessity of education was not thought of; insomuch, that, at the age of twelve, he could not read; nor did he know the use of shoes and stockings: but a sudden *rot* having pervaded the honourable family, seventeen intervening branches rapidly dropped off, when the wild Irish boy was trimmed up into a lordling, and sent to Westminster school.

On his return to Ireland, a match was settled between my Lord Wexford—a

law lord, and his Lordship's guardian—
and Miss Montgomery, his Lordship's
niece ; the beautiful object of our pre-
sent memoir.

Her entrée into life, under the *immediate* auspices of Lady Wexford, and her bosom friend, Lady Donnybrook—both veterans in the school of dissipation, though blooming in beauty—was marked by imitation ; and, with such consummate skill, that she soon emulated the proficiency of her *accomplished* tutors*.

* This triumvirate, of fashion, were allegori-

Beautiful trifler!—hitherto hast thou
wanton'd, safely, on the flowery paths
of vice—unadmonished! unchastised!—

But, when the intoxication of the
senses is over—when the illusion of the
passions is vanished—how deplorable
will the errors of love appear, to thy
no longer deluded imagination!

It is the practice of the Parisian vo-

cally called, "*Three Seven Shilling Pieces, or
change for a Guinea.*"——

Elegant and *descriptive* compliment!

luptuary, who *sentimentally* indulges the sensibilities of the heart, without violating the laws of society, to keep a *petite maison*, in the suburbs, sacred "TO LOVE, AND TO MYSTERY."

On the appointed evening, Madame is afflicted with an excruciating headache, and retires: the porter closes her doors against the fashionable world, and the household is hushed in silence.

At this propitious moment, the *filie de chambre*, habited as a smart laquais, escapes at the postern, and provides a

fiacre—Madame, in disguise, follows ; and they reach the “TEMPLE DES DELICES.”

Madame s’habille d’une maniere la plus galante ; and her little Mercury attends to lead the panting lover to his eager wishes.

Two covers are laid at the foot of a superb fauteuil — lights innumerable glitter round the room—and every impassioned tournure of the person is reflected by large mirrors.

Here the favored youth reposes, like
a luxurious Eastern in the midst of his
haram ; for, in France, the female liber-
tine assumes many characters :—ENFANT
——RAISONNABLE——FOLATRE——SENSI-
BLE——

And her successful artifices are re-
warded by the new homage she re-
ceives in each successive, and delusive,
variety of form.

Her ladyship's cottage appeared to
have been constructed for the same *wise*
uses.

Simply reared, in the gothic style, this sweet recess was approached, by an antique colonnade, from a lawn ; whose mossy carpet was variegated with a frame work enclosing every scarce and aromatic shrub.

Nothing could exceed the tasteful arrangement of the whole, except my Lady's boudoir ; which, in truth, appeared more the work of supernatural agency than that of mortal hands.

The walls were pannelled in Indian paper with burnished borderings—an

Indian matting covered the floor: two
recesses contained inimitable statues of
the Antinous and the *Medicean Venus.
—Turkish ottomans, in scarlet and gold,

* “ The ANTINOUS is entirely naked—all its
“ proportions are bigger than nature; but the
“ whole, taken together, and the fine attitude of
“ the figure, carry such an expression of ease,
“ elegance, and grace, as no words can des-
“ cribe.

“ When I saw the VENUS, I was 'rapt in won-
“ der—and I could not help casting a *thought*
“ back upon Antinous. They ought to be placed
“ together—if marble could *see* and *feel*, the se-
“ paration might be *prudent*: if it could only

surrounded the room: a globular urn descended from the painted clouds, on the cieling, by gilt chains, and burned with the most odorous pastilles; while its transparent contour described, in glowing colors, the amorous metamorphosis of Jupiter. The several pannels gave projection to small slabs, of statuary marble with silvered railings; on

“ *see*, it would certainly lose its coldness and
“ *learn to feel.*”

These opinions of L. M. W. M. were perfectly understood by her ladyship, who could *see*,
FEEL, and CONJECTURE !

which, the most curious exotics bloomed in finely ornamented vases—the whole, combining an effect that captivated the eye, and enslaved the senses.

A rookery gives perpetual twilight to this apartment, and twilight gives interest to mystery—while the cawings of the feathered inhabitants resemble the distant rushings of a steep cascade, and remove the terrors of solitude.

On approaching this seductive spot, our heroine instinctively receded: it created a momentary pulsation inimical to

16
is. I suppose, it intercepts the light of the sun and preserves it to retail during his absence.

modesty; and the painful oppression was accompanied with an involuntary blush.

With Lady Louisa, the effect was still more dangerous—a burning heat gave violent agitations to her bosom—her heart beat wildly—and, for the moment, she *might* have *doubted* its virgin-purity.

The former entered with reserve—the latter with rapture. But the playful fascinations of their beautiful hostess, in part, restored them.

They reclined on the ottomans,—for the room was without chairs : a low Indian cabinet stood near Mrs. Colville's elbow :

She took out a volume superbly bound in red morocco—she opened the vellum leaves—“ *Le Sopha* : ” she took a second—“ *Contes de la Fontaine* : ” a glance sufficed—she feared to venture on a third, and was silent.

Lady Louisa's eyes, flashing with electric sparks from within, almost gloat-

ed on the witcheries around her :—
at length,

“ Good Heaven, my dear Lady Butler, you are a perfect sorceress—I suppose, when without company, you work here, while my Lord reads to you.”

“ Indeed ! ”—replied her ladyship—
“ you would make a most unfashionable wife, my love, if such is, *really*, your supposition. Husbands are plagues that must be kept at a distance—when I re-

ture, *here*, to indulge myself, I never admit CARE of the party."

There was an equivoque, in the last sentence, which lost none of its point for want of archness—

The conversation, now, was confined to Lady Butler and Lady Louisa; the latter, of whom, entered into the spirit of the scene, till her heated imagination dealt in *visionaries* as dangerous as the *realities* of her experienced friend.

Our heroine was amazed—abashed

—she wished herself an hundred miles off; but she must await the General's return.

Retiring to dress, she recapitulated the événements of the morning with no small degree of inquietude—Lady Butler was, certainly, a most bewitching creature; but, as certainly, a very improper confidante for a young woman, either married or single. She, therefore, resolved to leave the house as soon as the General returned, and even to hint, to him, her delicate fears on the

propriety of his sister's continued intimacy with *such* a friend.

At dinner, the party was increased by two newly-arrived guests. The honorable Mr. Ponsonby, and Sir Giffard Pierrepont—both, elegant in their manners, and singularly handsome in their persons.

It is the custom, in Ireland, when making parties, to ask Mrs. A—— because she will be delighted to meet Mr. B—— and so on: thus, the whole company are paired with so much satisfac-

tion to each other, that individual joy creeps into a general gaiety ; like the solitary dish, at a Pic-Nic, growing into an ornamental supper.

Indeed, the wish to afford pleasure to others, without embarrassing self, is better understood, in this country, than elsewhere—the fatigues of an entertainment, in England, often making the mistress of the revels an object of commiseration, instead of envy.

I will exemplify the fact, by a story ; which, however singular it may appear,

has been represented, to me, as true as gospel.

A gentleman, and his groom, travelling, on horseback, through the North of Ireland, were overtaken by a storm ; from the violence of which they sheltered in a neighbouring cabin.

While the hail pelted, unmercifully, on the thatched covering of the humble roof, the traveller entered into conversation with his host ; and, naturally, inquired if any house was near where he might be accommodated for the night.

“The devil a house, your honor, but one, between this and Bally-bofey — for many’s the weary mile—and there your honor’s honor will be sure to get a hearty welcome, and a neat horse-whipping into the bargain.”

“Horse-whipping?—my honest fellow: I don’t understand your meaning.”

“Oh, never fear—your honor—I’ll engage you’ll understand the *meaning* before this time to-morrow.”

The singularity of these words exci-

ted the curiosity of the traveller, who was a perfect stranger to the country ; and, by dint of inquiry, he understood that the remote situation of the house, in question, often occasioned travellers to put the hospitality of the owner, Mr. Mahony, to the test ; all of whom were received with every apparent kindness, and, invariably, *treated* with a sound horse-whipping at parting.

In an hour's time, the atmosphere cleared, and the horsemen pursued the directions they had received, towards the horse-whipping seat of entertainment.

With a scrutinizing eye, the traveller measured every look and action of his host; who, on the other hand, welcomed him with the most unreserved and polished courtesy.

Shortly after, a livery servant appeared with a bill of fare, which Mr. Mahony presented to his guest; requesting, he would order what he liked for supper.—

The stranger, accordingly, named a dish, and the master named another—they continued to chat till supper time.

The frugal meal was cheerful—the port excellent—and the two gentlemen were so pleased with each other's company, that they did not part 'till a very late hour.

Morning came ; and, with it, the *expectation* of a horse-whipping.

The stranger neither wanted strength nor courage—his servant was of approved fidelity—and it was settled, between them, to make a manly resistance to any insult that might be offered.

Coming into the breakfast parlor, he found Mr. Mahony, in waiting, who received him with increased kindness ; and while they breakfasted, pressed him, with so much unfeigned solicitation to continue his guest, some days longer, that the stranger, at length, exclaimed ;—

“ Upon my soul, Mr. Mahony, I could pass my life with you ; but what is become of your horse-whipping ? ”

“ My dear Sir, ”—replied he, laughingly—“ I will explain that mystery. ”

“ I am frequently called upon to receive strangers, and take pleasure in the offices of benevolence ; but while I seek to *gratify others*, I cannot bear to be a *sufferer* for my own good will.

“ A bill of fare, as last night, has always been presented to my guests, who have, constantly, given me the trouble to serve up a costly supper, because they would not name what they liked—and, for this trouble, I always chastised them.

“ You are the only exception—we supped at our ease, and passed a rational

evening—instead of a horse-whipping, suffer me to offer you my friendship.”

This explanation produced a hearty laugh, and the two friends spent a pleasant week together.

In sending for Ponsonby and the Baronet, Lady Butler knew that she should please herself; and, if she might judge the *Platonics* of her beautiful guests, by the mercury in her own thermometer, one, or both, of them might be likewise pleased—for so devoted was her Ladyship to the art of making every body

happy, that she would have forgiven a casual infidelity, even in her favorite Ponsonby.

The business of the day was thus regulated.

After breakfast, the gentlemen amused themselves in practising, at a mark, with pistols ; while the ladies retired : at two o'clock, the whole party mounted a low jaunting car,* and drove away in

* Or Irish vis-a-vis. The company sit, longitudinally, with their backs to each other.

search of adventures: in the evening, they strolled into the beautiful recesses of the neighbouring woods, pairing like turtle doves, and *wilfully* losing company in their mazy walk.

Ponsonby and Lady Butler—Sir Giffard and Lady Louisa—to Ellen Colville's share, his doughty Lordship was appropriated.

An encreasing intimacy, too much like levity, was apparent in Lady Louisa's conduct; and our heroine, half jo-

kingly, and half seriously, ventured to expostulate with her on the occasion.

“ Jealous ! by all the powers of captivation ”—exclaimed her Ladyship, with a theatric step and tone—“ Oh, Pierre-point is the sweetest fellow !—do you know what I have promised him, Ellen ? ”

“ Indeed, my love, I do not ; but I am *sure* nothing improper.”

“ That *sure*, now, is so sily put in—it implies a doubt—but I will not be

huffed, Ellen,"—pouting—"and you are become, lately, so unlike yourself—so methodistical—there is no bearing you—so, that's poz."

"As long, my dear Lady Louisa, as your own good sense *applauds* your actions, it would be impertinent in any one to suppose them faulty. Will you not tell me what you have promised."

"I don't know, Ellen——"

"Nay, my love, that very hesitation arraigns your prudence—surely, one gid-

dy creature may be trusted with the secret of another—tell me, Louisa.”

“Well, then, Lady Butler means to get up a private play next winter, and I have promised to play Mrs. Sullen to *Pierrepoint’s Archer*.”

“Indeed !.....”

“I am not in leading strings, Mrs. Colville,”—with which words, she left the room bridling, and flushed with displeasure.

It is too true that our heroine's character had, lately, assumed a sombre cast very foreign to the natural gaiety of her temper. She did not find the world so full of attractions, as her fancy had taught her to expect. She caught herself, often, moralizing on the eventful changes of life, and the insufficiency of mortal wisdom to guard against impending sorrows, cloaked in approaching smiles.

Ellen Colville was, indeed, a young philosopher !

“ How, cries the critic,” a blooming

bride, adored by a young and handsome husband, with wealth to command, “turn philosopher.—Impossible !”

Alas ! what are youth, beauty, and riches, compared with intellectual enjoyment ! They wither under the influence of reason, when mutual attachment ceases to keep them in blossom !

The General was capricious—sometimes authoritative : while our heroine—who had pictured, in her cousin Montague, a being all tenderness, softness, and

complacency—shuddered at the contrast her fate had realized.

In this mood, her imagination would wander in pursuit of the ideal object so congenial to her own heart.—She found him winning—gentle—insinuating—

One, who without degrading the dignity of man, could yield to the little fondnesses, and indulge the whims, of feminine weakness.

There was a want of delicacy, in the General's love, that ill accorded with El-

len's feelings: his temper was quick—impetuous—overbearing.

She saw she was not to be happy; but she resolved to submit, with patient forbearance, to that fate which was now incontrovertible.

In reveries, thus fatal to her repose, she had begun too freely to indulge; till, trembling for Lady Louisa, she benevolently sacrificed the beloved vision of her soul, to an active interest in the preservation of that lovely girl—she,

therefore, sought her, and they were soon reconciled,

It was Monday, and a holiday—Lady Butler proposed that they should order an early family dinner; and drive, in the evening, to the Dargle, where they would see thousands of tradesmen with their wives and daughters, all spruced out in their best bibs and tuckers, gambolling at pleasure, obedient to the impulse of the moment, the true sons and daughters of unperverted nature.

“The Irish”—continued her ladyship,

— “dance *with all their heart*; and our jig is particularly calculated for the full indulgence of this national trait.

“ When the old harper begins to sweep his cords, or the piper breathes his first inspiring note, the summons is electric; our national music, like the bite of a tarantula, enfrenzies the parties: the spirit of rivalry is general and unabated: each dances as long as nature will sustain the exercise; and, when one party retreats, the conqueror bows to another, who accepts the chal-

lenge with alacrity ; and, having danced his, or her, partner breathless — bows to a third ; and so on, till the festival closes.”

The event justified the description given by her ladyship — and, for this evening, Ellen Colville reclined upon the arm of the elegant Ponsonby.

The environs of the Dargle were bespangled with finery, glittering in every color of the rainbow, as Greenwich Park is, at the annual fairs : but,

here, dancing was the almost universal order of the day.

It is not possible for an enthusiastic mind to look, with indifference, on this national sport ; which is chaste as it is impassioned — devoid of eastern voluptuousness ; yet glowing with animated sentiment.

The soul flies up to the eyes — and the inspired countenance beams with the mildest rapture.

Ponsonby, perceiving the pleasure

with which his fair protegee gazed on the happy throng, led her to a spot, to which his attention had been directed by the graceful movements of a young female dancer.

“Observe,” said he, “the unaffected case of that delicate form, modestly bending to the expressive variations of the dance — now drooping with languor! — now elated with joy!

“Ellen gazed with transport — The maiden’s eyes were black and sparkling with pleasure — her face exquisitely

fair, and every feature intelligent: her form *petite et pliante* — she appeared to tread an air.

“ Among the ancients” — said Mr. Ponsonby — “ the song and the dance formed records in the state; and, at the present day, poetical fictions are personified by a corps de ballet at the Haymarket. Telemachus is shipwrecked on the island of Calypso; or, the beautiful Daphne flies from the enamored God, and changes to a laurel, at the fiat of fashion: — all which effect is produced by an assemblage of

wonderful antics, and hyperbolical grimace — but an Irish jig speaks from the heart to the heart; and is perfectly understood.

Our heroine was surprized at this remark; Mr. Ponsonby had appeared to her gay, lively, and frivolous — he, now, wore the more engaging character of an enlightened companion.

Poor Ellen! how little did she know the world —

When she had seen Ponsonby sportive as a kitten, she was not aware

that he adapted his manner to his object ; and that the same rule instructed him in the way to please her.

The emigrations from Ireland are, too frequently, composed of a set of men, who do not offer to the world, at large, any very seducing picture of the country that gave them birth ; but let the traveller, who is inquisitive as to the national character, visit the Irishman of birth on his domain ; and he will ever find the accomplished scholar united with the polished gentleman and the hospitable landlord.

Among their faults — for none are perfect — are the love of wine, produced by the natural conviviality of their dispositions ; and gallantry, emanating from habit and constitution.

On both these points, [Mr. Ponsonby was a true Irishman—

Ellen presented to him a human being, in the form of an angel : he read the correctness of her principles in the correctness of her manners : for he was skilled in all the intricacies of the human heart, and knew when to retreat

—when to urge on to victory: he, therefore, attacked our heroine with the *flattery* to which she was most susceptible.

How stupidly all mankind mistake the servility of a Parasite, for flattery.

Flattery is not confined to any set of actions, or phrases: it is a delicate distinction, founded on a thorough knowledge of the human heart, by which, one object becomes endeared to another.

It consists, in an *assumed* similarity of taste, which generates friendship in one sex, and love in the other:—

It is, in short, the art of governing the follies, or propensities, of our friends: of discovering the secret springs of their actions: of compelling them to play to our hand at every game: of making them subservient to our designs, while we induce them to believe the contrary—

Under this form, Ponsonby had been accustomed to insinuate, imperceptibly,

into the very heartstrings of his devoted victims: Ellen Colville was a new subject for his genius to work upon.

The sun was, now, retreating towards the westward—an almost extinguished glory, feebly, shot from its departing rays, tinging, with a rich glow, the surrounding scenery.

“How beautiful”—said her companion—“are the works of nature—how sublime!—how infinitely beyond the impotency of mortality!”

Ellen contemplated the scene with a philosophic eye——

“And yet”——said she——“how blind are we to the charms of creation, and mad in our pursuit of superficial works of art ! Any new-fangled bauble, planned by a fashionable workman, collects the wondering crowd ; and fashionable approbation stamps celebrity on his labors——while the peaceful happy s c, before us, would raise no other emotion in their high-born minds, than that of ridicule.”

“ True”—replied Ponsonby—“ Fashion will run after a dancing automaton, at Merlin’s, or at Maillardet’s, and make it the subject of conversation for a whole week; yet would look, *without feeling*, on the dances which have so sweetly interested you this evening.”

“ I *thought* you were of high fashion, Mr. Ponsonby; and yet you do not mock my *foolish* sensibility”.....
smiling——

“ Mock you, Mrs. Colville!—good

heaven! *what* must the man be, who, could mock the most refined enjoyments of a vivid fancy, corrected by a virtuous mind?"

The conversation was growing too intimate; for it is certain, that a union of sentiment removes all barriers to the heart—Ellen *felt* a sudden check; and giving a light turn to the conversation, desired they might seek their party.

Reader, if thou art a casuist, explain to me, I pray thee, whence that sudden

check arose; which I have recorded in the preceding sentence?

Silent!—

Well, then, let me attempt the definition. •

Our ideas are so immediately associated with our senses, that the imagery awakened by the ONE, owes all its magic to the OTHER.

“Philosophers”—says a celebrated German writer—“will tell you of the

pleasures of the soul—the pleasures of the heart—the pleasures of virtue—

“Now all these—refine them as you will—are merely sensual pleasures, because they owe their birth to the *representation* of the senses.

“Why do we prefer Homer to a dry treatise on philosophy?

“Is it not, because his poetic fancy abounds in rich coloring which gives enchantment to his imagery? And

shall we not prefer, at all times, pleasure to pain?

“ Who would not, rather, contemplate a beautiful than disgusting object? and whence arises the distinction?

“ From the senses!—for virtue is alike beautiful—be the form whatever it may.

“ Tell me, then, what are the affections of the heart, but sensual propensities?

“ Doth not the first emotion that occupies the bosom of the blushing virgin, communicate a voluptuous glow to her whole system? Does it not quicken the circulation of her blood—tremble in her every fibre—impart, to the whole machine, its exquisitely prevailing ardors?

“ And do not—hope—pity—admiration—and all the other passions—produce a like effect?

“ Who ever heard the tempest rage—beheld the impetuous waves dart all

their vengeance 'gainst his vessel's side
—and could maintain the conflict, un-
cheared by hope?

“ Who ever heard the plaintive cry
of helpless misery—beheld the agonised
mother weeping o'er her perishing in-
fants—and could view the scene, un-
moved by pity?

“ Who ever heard the valor of his
country's heroes trumpeted abroad—
beheld them return amid the huzzas of
applauding citizens—and could stand
by, uninspired with admiration?

“ If our most amiable emotions, then, are not voluptuous, why do they so feelingly affect the senses?”

But they are voluptuous; and all our passions owe enjoyment to the senses.

Ponsonby perceived, with rapture, the ground he was gaining, but would not oppose the motion of his lovely companion. He was too wily to alarm her mind by any impetuosity of his own: the alarm was to come from

SELF, and the thing was evidently in train—they joined their friends.

Cars,* noddies, and vulgar vehicles of every description were now in motion to remove the lingering crowd.—As our party still continued to stroll amid the bustle, a blind minstrel, with his bag-pipes under one arm, and his

* A one-horse chaise that plies in stands like hackney coaches in London. It has a covered head, and a seat for the herculean driver immediately behind the horse, and in front of the passenger. It does not convey any lively idea of the *otium cum dignitate*.

the lower Irish are implicit believers—as well as by feats of rude buffoonery, and boisterous mirth.

These amusements, however, are subject to temporary interruptions from the nearest relatives of the deceased, who are stationed round the corpse; and, at a signal given, the howl becomes

shut up in a room with an old enchantress, two of whom were suffocated by her spells; and the life of the third despaired of: the witch was, also, found in a dangerous way, but has been committed to prison.

general for a few minutes—after which, the most extravagant, among them, who during this *solemn* chorus have torn their hair, and beat their breasts, will be foremost in joining the first rude provocation to returning merriment.

On the following morning the General returned, to the very great satisfaction of his wife, who determined to press their departure on as early a day as propriety would admit; but the General was, himself, fond of a bottle of good claret, and was extremely

pleased with the party he had met with.

Patience !

Ponsonby, now, sought opportunities of being particular in his attentions to our heroine, but they had so little the appearance of premeditation, and were so delicate, that she could not, in justice, complain.—On the contrary, she took pleasure in the conversation of a man of sense, which was not lessened—as every female will believe—

by his being the handsomest man she had ever seen.

Could a guardian sylph have whispered into her ear, that Lady Butler had employed her favourite to *remove* the superiority of Mrs. Colville over herself, she would have been more reserved: but as it was, Ellen unaffectedly expressed, in words and actions, the pleasure she received in Ponsonby's society.

At length, the hour of separation

came—but it was a mere transfer : autumn was closing ; and they were soon to meet, again, in celebration of “ THE WINTER IN DUBLIN.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

VOL. II.

A
WINTER IN DUBLIN:

A Descriptive Tale.

By **CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.**

*Author of the Barouche Driver, Infidel Mother, Mask of
Fashion, &c. &c.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

THOSE PEOPLE, "like ancient Medals, are kept apart; and,
"passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpness which
"the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not
"unpleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible;
"that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscrip-
"tion they bear."

STERNE.

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1808.

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

IN all great cities, the supremacy of fashion is as eagerly the object of spirited contention, between one DASHER of RANK and another—as victory among opposing Generals. Each chieftain has his partisans ; but with this difference—the one arms

VOL. II.

B

with a host of novelties; the other with a host of human beings.

In Dublin, there are two distinct classes of fashionables—the higher class, which towers above all restraint; and the secondary class, which owns allegiance to the appropriate union of truth and modesty.

Of the former, the rival Lady Patronesses were the lovely allies—Lady Butler, Lady Wexford, and Lady Donnybrook—in opposition to the

Honorable Mrs. Stafford : and it, *almost*, required a diploma from the College of Intrigue to obtain admission to their splendid orgies.

We have, already, spoken of this triumvirate ; let us look into the fashionable pretensions of their honorable Opponent ; who, disdaining all coalition, daringly aspired to the throne of fashion, under banners thus inscribed,

"Aut Caesar, aut nullus."

The Honorable Mrs. Stafford is the wife of the Honorable *ci-devant* Colonel Stafford—heir apparent to a peerage: but although the courtesies of the land have dignified the parties with the title of HONORABLES, Dame Nature, who is sometimes a little contradictory in her freaks, has marked their worldly progress with actions not quite in analogy with *that* dignified appellation.

The Colonel has been dismissed from his command; and the females, of his fa-

mily, are so constitutionally *taper-fingered*, that every shop in Grafton Street, and Dame Street, has, more or less, to deplore the *honour* of their custom.

Nor did the soldier's choice, in marriage, derogate from his *hereditary honors*—The Honorable Mrs. Stafford, was beautiful as the fabled Hour—
WAS, did I say? IS, though a grandmother!

This Lady's pretensions to supremacy, are, certainly, very great. It is her

A WINTER

boast to have maintained a *near* and *dear* interest in the bosom of each succeeding V——, from the earliest bloom of her ripening beauty, to its present mellowed loveliness—and *part* of this truth, the pension list will amply testify.

For a length of time, the spirit of contention had exerted itself in profusions that could not last for ever—They have fought each other with peas, peaches, and strawberries, out of season; and they had, with as

little success, plundered green-houses to make a May in the middle of January.

What was, next, to be done?

The Honorable Mrs. Stafford secretly imported a KNOWING DOG-CART from London—being the newest go: and this, to the wonderment of the beau-monde, she drove *Tandem*, with a pair of beautiful pie-balls, and a devilish handsome groom by her

side, to pay her morning visits throughout the fashionable world.

The next day—Lady Butler, Lady Wexford, and Lady Donnybrook, paraded the city, to pay their visits, on three SLEEK CROPPED DONKIES!!!

What a mortification to the Honorable Mrs. Stafford, who had, proudly, anticipated a conquest!—but the still greater *doleur* was, the public display made by the triumvirate, of the beau-

tiful Mrs. Colville, and Lady Louisa, at their *private* parties ; for, as they possessed, in themselves, all the superior attraction which youth gave to their still budding beauties ; the Honorable Mrs. Stafford, had, most ingeniously, continued still to attract the elegant world, to her circles, by studiously ornamenting them with every new beauty she could bring out.

Now, that we are returned to Dublin, and have described the rival

Queens, we must say something about the City.

The Castle—like St. James's—is a gloomy pile of building: it was once moated, and flanked with towers; but, however unroyal the outward appearance of this palace, the splendor and state of the Viceroy exceeds that of his Majesty.

His Excellency never moves without a troop of horse, and all the state apartments are lined with aid-de-camps,

pages; and body-guards, at his approach.

As a relief, however, to the fatigues of state, a charming retreat in the Phenix Park, about one mile and a half from the city, is appropriated to the domestic residence of the Viceroy.

Here he holds an undress levee once a week; keeps his board of green cloth; and unites hospitality with grandeur—if he means to be popular in the country.

When my Lord T—— was Viceroy, the natural hilarity, wit, and good-fellowship, of his character, won the hearts of all descriptions of people. He did not leave to his aid-de-camps the task of making his guests merry; but headed his own table to the tune of six bottles a man.—The genius of the nation was his genius.

Many are the anecdotes recorded of his eccentricities; and, among others, the following:

Having been on the frolic, with a snug little party of intimate bon vivants, they chanced to be driven, by necessity, to seek a dinner at an obscure auberge in the country.

Their fare, in eatables, was not very sumptuous; but, to their infinite surprise, the landlord presented them with a famous bottle of old port, of which he had long hoarded a few dozens, unconscious of its value.

The bottle went round—and the in-

spired party revelled in witty merriment: at length, my Lord, heated to the folly, called for the landlord; and swearing he was the honestest fellow in all Ireland, ordered him to kneel, and *knighted* him.

On the following morning, however, when his Lordship understood what he had done, he was not quite pleased with himself—so, sending for the host, he presented him with five guineas, asking him if the ceremony of the pre-

ceding evening was not a *d—d* good
joke.

“Joke—may it please Lord E——,”
—said Dermot, scratching his head.

“Aye, joke!—my honest fellow—
You could not think ME in earnest—
but never mind, I’ll make your for-
tune—*only*, do not mention what has
passed.”

“As to *myself*—may it please
Y—— E—— I don’t so much mind,

..... But, *my Lady*, you know,
—what will MY LADY say?"

The grey mare was the better horse;
and mounted by vanity, my Lady
galloped through life, "*my Lady*," to
the last stage of her journey.

The D— of R— was another most
popular V—; he drank himself into
favor with the men, and was not *with-*
out ways and means of making himself
a favorite with the women—although,
his peccadillo's were not, always, of the

most sentimental kind; insomuch, that an escort of horse has been, waggishly, stationed at a noted courtesan's door, to shew WHO was within side; and, once upon a time, when H— E— was IN STATE at the theatre, a fellow called out from the shilling gallery.

“ Who visits Peg Plunket?”

“ MANNERS! — you dog — MANNERS!”—answered a punster from the pit.

“The poor D—!”—says the sentimental reader ; “ what a pity that so beautiful a creature should be doomed to the *celibacy* of an union with such a brute.”

Arrette, ma petite mignon—while the troop of horse was stationed at the naughty woman's, Her E—— was devoting herself to an *equally moral* amusement, assisted by a Colonel of Dragoons—y'clped S— L——.

This was KEEPING IT UP, as it is

called in *this* great world; but I fear in the *other* world it will be recorded "PROFLIGACY."

Mrs. Colville and Lady Louisa had imported very superb dresses for the birth-day, which they found splendid beyond their imagination. It appeared to resemble the hall of Fancy inhabited by a fairy world.

It is certain, the Irish Ladies, with winning beauty, possess a certain affability of manners, tempered with un-

affected modesty of deportment, that gifts them with peculiar powers to please—I speak of the *second rank of fashionables*,” and, add, with pleasure, that their numbers far exceed that of the first.

When his Excellency the Marquis Cornwallis presented himself to the circle, he appeared like a benevolent father surrounded by an affectionate family. His address was, at once, familiar and dignified, and the endear-

ing compliment was received with enthusiasm,

His Lordship was Commander in Chief as well as Viceroy—a singular distinction.

My Lord * Chesterfield, during his

* His Lordship was once rebuked, by an intimate friend, for admitting to his table men of more talent than character ; against whom, the doors of all the fashionable world were closed.

Turning on his heel, Lord Chesterfield replied, " J'aime l'esprit, même, quand je le trouve parmi les fripons."

Viceroyalty, found another way to please, by mingling the wit with the courtier and, by flattering with superior address.

At the commemoration of the Union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, his Excellency, as usual, with elegant vivacity, pursued the smiling circle of his Court; when his attention was, particularly, arrested as he approached the Marchioness of E——, who had just married, and made her first appearance at the Castle. Her Ladyship

was dressed, in honor of the day, with a profusion of red ribbons.

Advancing, with a bewitching smile, he thus addressed her Ladyship:

Pretty rebel, tell me why,
Your ribbons are of roseate dye;
When your bosom doth disclose
The whiteness of the adverse rose?

Her Ladyship, previous to her late marriage, was a young widow, so extraordinary lovely, that she was always called "the beautiful widow M.——"

Not being very rich, Lord E——: fancied a liberal settlement would silence her virtue; but he was mistaken: and, as his passion increased with opposition, he eventually proposed marriage with a certain salvo in his own mind, which he took care to keep secret: which was, that the Lady and himself were of different religions.

Some time after she had graced the fashionable world, a new object fixed the volatile affections of her Lord, and

occasioned a pettishness on his part, which was returned by an independent spirit on hers; 'till, tired with these domestic sparrings, he fairly told his Lady he would disannul the marriage.

“Really, my Lord?”

“Really, my Lady.”

“Then do me the honour to explain what part of my conduct entitles you

to speak thus freely of my reputation?"

"Reputation is out of the question, Madam: Religion, thank God, will divorce us—you know you are a Catholic."

"I know no such thing, my Lord: but, I know that you thank God prematurely—I have bought you, pretty dearly, and mean to keep you."

"How?"

“Simply, thus, my Lord—I read my recantation the day before we were united.”

The winter, now, being fairly set in by the birth-day, rout succeeded rout, party, party—Lady Louisa was in her element; and, with her *Inseparable*, gave every hour to gaiety and mirth.

With our heroine it was far—far different. The unblushing effrontery of Fashionable Dash disgusted her; it

was so truly repugnant to her every idea of modesty, that she determined to resist, as much as possible, such dangerous association.

But the General was little disposed to attend to her delicate objections—The manners of the Irish had enslaved him ; and, to this, he was *not a little* indebted to the irresistible coquetry of Lady Butler; who, most obligingly engaged in the seduction of the husband; while her favourite was, sentimentally, planning the ruin of the wife.

And not without every assumed probability of ultimate success; for Mrs. Colville entertained him with freedom, and listened to him with pleasure. The native gaieté de son cœur awakened the vivacity of hers; and the only rational pleasure she partook, was in his society—In her retired moments, reflection presented her with very dreary prospects to cloud futurity.

The General's pettishness of disposition, became, daily, less supportable;

and although Ellen was compelled to see, with many a sigh, that home had no longer any charms with her husband, her unsuspecting heart never led her to suppose, that the more active allurements, of her *professed bosom friend*, were perpetually at work to estrange him from her altogether. On this, too, Ponsonby dwelt as to a *dernier resort*, when he might find it necessary to *urge* his suit to issue—but, in the mean time, so wary was his practice—so apparently ingenuous his manners—so amiable so obliging,

and so disinterested, his attentions ; that nothing less than prudery could have taken offence at their continuance.

Lady Louisa and the Baronet flirted, so openly, that every body called it a settled match ; her Ladyship, however, always ridiculed the idea, declaring she would not resign her independence to any male creature in existence. Still, she did not, the less, admit him to a thousand freedoms,

which no circumstances ought to have tolerated.

In vain did our heroine labour to amend her thoughtless sister-in-law, by good-humoured badinage—for she was aware, that serious admonition would have been proudly rejected—but her Ladyship retaliated on Ellen's intimacy with Ponsonby; vowed that she was heart whole; and a sufficient guardian of her own honor, if Pierrepoint ever dared to presume on her good opinion.

This reminds me of an anecdote, that took place, when party violence was at its height in Dublin.

A celebrated orator, in the Irish House of Commons, concluded his animated reply to some personal insinuations thrown out against him, by declaring, that, "He was the guardian of his own honor, and would maintain it, with his life, against the machinations of slander—no matter whom the aggressors."

Upon this—Sir Boyle Roach, who was on the opposite side, arose.

“Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon for taking up the attention of this Honorable House, just only, for two minutes; but I cannot resist congratulating the worthy Member, who spoke last, on the *pretty little sinecure* he has carved out for himself.”

At another time, the Baronet gravely made a motion, “that every *quart* bottle should hold a *quart*.”

But there is a quaintness, in the blunders of the Irish, that gives them equal originality and point.

Another gentleman—whose name I forget—proposed a bill, “to COMPEL watchmen to sleep, so many hours in the day, that they might be wakeful on their posts at night.”

The motion was seconded by a Member enveloped in flannels, with *this* proposed amendment.

“That the Honorable Gentleman do include him in the Bill, as the GOUT would not let him sleep, either by day or by night.”

Counsellor Costello, of facetious memory, having been requested to breakfast with a rich Widow, who desired to consult him on the will of her late husband, attended his fair Client; when she, wishing to amaze the Counsellor with her finery, sported a superb set of breakfast china.

The business began with the repast; when the Counsellor, either absent from habit, or lost in debating a point of law, unfortunately seized a lump of treble refined sugar, with his finger and thumb, which he gave to his cup—but he was soon awakened to the impoliteness he had committed, by the Lady's ringing, rather violently, and ordering the sugar bason to be changed:

Affecting to take no notice, he, nevertheless, repeated, his error with his

second, and third, cup of tea ; and a second, and third, removal of the sugar took place.

He had now finished his breakfast ; and, with extreme composure, threw both cup and saucer under the grate.

An hysterick shriek, from the Lady, bespoke her agony at the loss of her beautiful china ; which was succeeded by loud invectives.

“Never mind — my angel — never mind, I tell you—Sure and I thought, if my finger and thumb could spoil the entire sugar-bason, it would not be genteel in me—you know— to leave you a cup and saucer that I have been *pawing* for this last half-hour—Indeed, and by my faith, my darling, I know manners better.”

Having said his say—the Counsellor walked out of the room, leaving the afflicted fair,

“ *To sigh, alone, and think on what had pass’d*

The disturbances, throughout the Country, teemed, 'almost daily, with tales of Horror—The Pikemen had formed themselves in terrible array—opposing a phalanx of eighteen or twenty deep to the ineffectual valor of our Charge in horse or foot—a dreadful Carnage was the Consequence; but Dublin was not less gay—fashionables still thronged from the Concert to the Puppet Shew—drove according to fashion—walked according to fashion—read according to fashion—slept according to fashion!

“All Dublin is up, Your Excellency”——exclaimed a Page, rushing one morning, unceremoniously, into the Viceroy’s apartment, before he had risen——

Awakened by the rude salute, my Lord Cornwallis replied, coolly.

“Then, it is time that I was up.”

A few * murders, however, in open

* Lord Kilwarden, his Nephew, and several of the Military.

day, was the amount of actual injury sustained; tho' murmurings were bold, and frequent, throughout the City.

At this period of discontent, the Butler party had engaged the Stage box, and that adjoining, at the Theatre; but had scarcely entered, when the loudest hissings were pointedly levelled at Lord Wexford, whose politics were, then, unpopular.

• Terrified at a scene, so new, our

Heroine almost fainted; and begged, with other ladies, to retire.

“Poh”—said Lady Butler gaily—
“I’ll play these noisy fellows off, as mariners do the whale—then, seizing upon the C——’s wig, she hurled it into the middle of the Pit.

This ruse de guerre changed the scene in an instant—hissings were succeeded by applause; and the house rung with reiterated peals.

The Entertainment, afterwards, went on very quietly, till the song of "*pit a pat*," in the after piece of Blue Beard, raised a new commotion.

"Come now, my honies"—roared out an *Irish God*—"and, by my soul, we'el have it—a * GROAN for PITT—a CLAP' for PAT, my Jewels."

The increasing uproar finally drove

* A GROAN, in Ireland, is a decided mark of disapprobation; a CLAP is the reverse.

all the Company from the Boxes—
Lady Butler was to give a petit souper,
and her party retired with her.

Nothing could exceed the gaiety of
their lovely Hostess during the re-
mainder of the Evening; she laughed,
talked, sang, like one inspired.

On the following morning, Lady
Louisa paid a visit to her Ruelle—en-
tering the room—

“ Oh! you divine Creature, do tell

me, by what spell you, so exclusively, steal all hearts—positively, last night, you were more than mortal.”

“All hearts, my love?”—archly.

“Yes! by all that’s captivating, all hearts—Envy yields to Admiration, and your own sex loves you, tho’ you bear away the palm in triumph.”

“Pray, Lady Louisa, do you know a Sir Giffard Pierrepont?”

* Provoking Creature!—are you jealous that one poor sighing swain should be gifted with sufficient insensibility to look beyond your charms?—

• But Sir Giffard is nothing to me, 'pon honor; and if he were—what then?"

"I only mean, my love, that I don't steal *every* heart"—smiling—

"But *àpropos*—do tell me, what made you so divinely pleasant last night—something, I am sure, must

have happened, to give rise to the delectable spirits you sported."

"Well, then, I will trust you, with a secret, that will divulge itself before night—en attendant, you must be secret as the grave."

"That I certainly shall be, if you do not make haste to relieve my aching curiosity—I am dying, already, to share your confidence—Allons!"—

"Why, my dear Lady Louisa, only

conceive!—such a Triumph! wont it be charming?”

“ I gasp with eager expectation—what triumph?—what will be charming?”

“ Don't be so impatient, and I'll tell you all about it. You must know, that the fifteenth of May will be the first anniversary of the Stafford's favourite daughter's wedding-day; and I heard, in strict confidence, from a

very *particular friend* of her's, last night at the theatre, that she means to have a wonderful to do upon the occasion—Now, can't you guess why I have been so delighted?"

"Not I, by all that's paradoxical."

"Oh, you Goth—you Vandal—you Jew—you Turk—you Infidel—where have you lived these thousand years, not to conceive me?—Oh, it will be so exquisite—twelve hundred tickets!"

how glorious!
twelve—hundred—tickets!

In this way, these lovely prattlers were, for a length of time, at cross purposes; when it appeared, that Lady Butler had been all night preparing cards, which would be sent out that morning, inviting the whole fashionable world to a private play, to be followed by a dance, on the fifteenth of May.

With this explanation, Lady Louisa

was as much delighted, as her dear friend had been with the embryo, 'till they almost laughed themselves into convulsions, at the mortification the Honorable Mrs. Stafford would be compelled to endure, thus anticipated in a favourite project; and trampled under foot by an imperious rival.

Before night, all the city rang with the projected entertainment; and the Honorable Mrs. Stafford just heard it time enough to be assured, every body

was engaged, to the *abominable* Butlers, for her night.

It was, now, settled that the characters be cast, as follows :

Archer — Sir Giffard Pierrepont.

Aimwell — General Colville.

Sullen — Lord Butler.

Sir C. Freeman — Mr. Arthur Claremont,

Father Folgard — Colonel Roscommon.

Scrub — Mr. Ponsonby.

Dorinda — Lady Butler.

Mrs. Sullen — Lady L. Colville.

Gipsey — Lady Wexford.

Cherry — Lady Donnybrook.

Take a brief memoir of the two strangers whom we introduce as belonging to the Butler Coterie.

Colonel Roscommon and Arthur Claremont are both sprigs of nobility, —handsome fellows—and dashing dogs; but as it is impossible to keep it up without the moveables, they found the pensions of younger brothers very unequal to their elegant ideas.

The Colonel was on half-pay :—for he was one of those rapidly created field Officers, who rise to the command of a Regiment before they have learnt how to mount a Guard, and carry on the war, in great stile, between Owen's and the Horse-Guards. Such services could not be much in requisition on a foreign Campaign; but genius must have an object—He devoted *his* to the married Ladies of his acquaintance; and, by ingeniously mingling pleasure with profit, ensured a snug pic nic.

income, as well paid as any rent-roll in the kingdom.

Arthur Claremont, with the same views, pursued another road to independence.

His widowed mother, the Right Honorable Lady Londonderry, had married a little ill-looking * Renegade

* The Memoirs of this *Noble* pair will be more fully detailed in the following volume.

Financier, who practised ways and means with more skill than honesty.

This worthy father-in-law, immediately, discovered in the colossal limbs, and handsome person of his new-made son, indisputable pretensions to wealth; and, accordingly, after the sagacity of his own heart, he inserted an advertisement, inviting all distressed damsels disposed to barter wealth, obscurity and wrinkles, for poverty, rank and manly beauty—to repair to his

house, where they would be treated with honor and secrecy.

In consequence of this well-imagined address, my young gentleman became the *happy* husband of a young lady, *lovely* in her lands, hereditaments, and tenements. The Lady became the Honorable Mrs. Arthur Claremont, and took precedence accordingly, notwithstanding it was *maliciously* reported, that she was the mother of two children by her coachman.

Of their domestic joys, I shall not attempt any exemplary delineation. Marriage had made them one bone and one flesh; but the bridegroom contrived, that the bone and the flesh should be like two parallel lines; which, according to the learned Mr. Euclid, "though ever so extended, cannot meet."

Arthur Claremont now gave fashion to Bond-street—he was the gape—the gaze—the stare: he tipp'd all his brother whips the knowing go bye—

regulated the cut of the morning and evening cape—the length of the skirt—and size of the fashionable button : he directed who should make the coat—who the waistcoat—who the breeches—in short, every article of dress, from the length and breadth of the shoe string, to the length and breadth of the Opera hat, were regulated by the Claremont compasses.

The two friends were now, the Py-lades and Orestes of Bond-street, and hunted in couple—the one, always

touching for value received ; the other liberally squandering in the lap of beauty—thus forming, as it were, an account current, between them, to balance the claims of gallantry.

Time, however, which is the grand revolutionist of all worldly pleasures, dissolved their golden dream : and restored the two friends to *ornament* their own country : how far they were calculated so to do, will appear from the following anecdote, previously achieved.

A WINTER

Our two Heroes of the Ton, were engaged to dine, tête-à-tête, at a Hotel in Pall Mall, and had taken their seats at the table awaiting the arrival of dinner; each, as he carelessly loll'd, one arm over the back of his chair, applying the other to his knife; which, by graceful undulations on the plate, emitted sounds of *congenial harmony**—at length,

* According to tradition, it was the ancient custom, in Ireland, to set a small piece of wood with every knife and fork at table, that the guests

“I am thinking Roscommon—”
 said his friend—“what a damn’d un-
 principled fellow you must have been,
 to make so ungrateful a return to your
 beautiful amie, in Portland-place—
 Every body says she died a martyr to
your favors ; and yet, God knows you
 were paid well enough to make you
 honest.”

“And I am thinking,—replied the

might amuse themselves with chopping the
 wood, instead of the cloth, en attendant their
 dinner.

Colonel"—what a damn'd unconscionable scoundrel you must have been, to marry a woman for her money—desert her the moment you were in possession of her treasure—and then to run away with a girl whose family, beauty, and accomplishments, qualified her to receive the honorable addresses of a Prince."

This conversation began in a friendly hoax; but there are certain strings which, pressed too hardly, produce dreadful discord.

Up jumped the Pylades and the Orestes—one seized the carving knife; the other the poker :—

Fortunately, at this moment, the waiters appeared with the soup, and the Enragées were disarmed ; but not cooled : they determined to see it out, and stripped for a regular set too.

The Colonel got a famous thrashing, and they have been, ever since, as good friends as possible—taking, how-

ever, especial care not to attack each other's *Morality* again.

Since their return to Ireland, they had enlisted into the service of Lady Butler, and were distinguished characters in her coterie.

The soul of novelty is variety ; and these two Honorables formed a striking contrast to Sir Giffard and Ponsonby.

Loud talking—coarse jesting—insuf-

ferable vanity—incurrigible presumption—all characterized by an affected brogue and kiddy swagger—were the *polite* qualifications of the former: while gaiety, elegance, and insinuation—classically dressed, and purely uttered, were the *subordinate* pretensions of the latter.

Lady Butler had been teizingly particular with our heroine to assist in her play; but notwithstanding the General urged his wishes; on this *material point* she determined to acknow-

ledge no will but her own—she positively, and peremptorily, refused.

Another novelty now presented itself, a polished emblematic of Dublin high life

“THE LITTLE DEVIL”—or, in other words, the younger sister of my Lady Butler: a wit—a rake—a mad-cap—a scapegrace—a bronze—a pickle—every thing but an *Impure*!

With a wildness of impetuosity that

submitted to no will, save that of the moment—with beauty to ornament eccentricity, and *esprit* to reconcile levity—she danced, she sang, she romped, and was every thing with every body.

This beautiful Unique was Presidente of the FUNNY CLUB—an institution, originally, planned by the D—— of R———when Vice-Queen; having for its object an unreserved indulgence of whim and caprice, unfettered by the starchy rules imposed by society, with this motto—“SECRECY—” and the lit-

tle devil, at eighteen, was appointed to the chair.

On this occasion, she was invested with a ribbon by Her E—— from which an embossed Lucifer, in gold, depended, after the manner of the George, or other emblem of Knighthood. At this assembly all was laugh and gambol—and, “*may the devil take the hindmost,*” the admitted impulse of action.

A veteran General, who was a mem-

ber of the Club, being remarkable for a long spiral tail, comprising some half a dozen grey hairs, which, by some *secret analogy*, or other, always provoked a *titter* among the girls.

“General”—said the little devil, one evening—“that awkward little tail of yours is neither useful, nor ornamental; and some day, when in the humor, I will cut it off.”

“Then, by God,”—replied the Ve-

teran—"as sure as you do, so sure will I make you *smart* for it."

The little devil, who could not brook defiance, immediately conceived a stratagem, which she ordered to be executed the next day : It was, simply, procuring a false tail to be made, in exact imitation of the General'sⁿ, with which, at the next meeting, she meant to play off the old Boy. Accordingly, the instant he appeared, she ran up to him, with a fruit knife in her hand, exclaiming,

“Now for it, General, now for the tail.”

“By G-d, Madam, you dare not.”

“By G-d, General, I will; and here goes.”

Having sawed the silver blade across the lock to be ravished, she produced her false tail; and then took to her heels like another Atalanta.

The enraged General followed; and seizing her at the foot of the grand stair-case, threw her across his knee, treating her like a naughty child.

This was not, exactly, a *baré-faced* outrage; but something very like it. The little Devil, however, shook her feathers; and telling the General "fair play was a jewel," proceeded to the enaction of some new freak.

This bewitching creature was the idol of Lady Louisa; nor was it pos-

sible for our Heroine to resist giving her a portion of her esteem—

One day, they were shopping, together, at a celebrated Linen-Draper's in Grafton Street.

“Shew me some fine Cambric”—
said the little Devil.

The man produced a piece.

“Dowlas — filthy dowlas — by all
that's abominable!”

“ This, your Ladyship will find finer”—presenting another piece—

“ Finer!—by the Lord Harry, it is not so fine as the tail of my shift.”

The man *blush'd*—tho' an Irishman—*really* expecting she would make the comparison before his face.

As they were returning to their carriage, an Old Lady kissed her hand to the little Devil in driving past.

“That is Mrs. Crump—don’t you know Mrs. Crump, my dear?”—said the little Devil.

“No”—replied Lady Louisa.

“Oh, la! I thought every body knew Mrs. Crump: then, I’ll tell you what gave her so much celebrity.

“When veils were fashionable, Mrs. Crump, who went every where, determined to oppose the custom; and

the party-colored gentlemen, in return, determined never to give Mrs. Crump any thing she asked for.

“ At length, irritated at always receiving wine, when she called for water; and beer when she called for bread; she exclaimed pettishly—

“ I wish I had some bread.”

The butler, stepping behind her chair, said in an audible whisper—

"I wish you had, Mrs. Crump."

The Company were, irresistibly, convulsed with laughter; and from that day it has been a standing joke in Ireland, to commiserate the wants of any one, by replying, "*I wish you had, Mrs. Crump.*"

While the little Devil was telling her story, with an archness that pointed every word she uttered, and a smile that embellished it—they found themselves on the Circular Road, where the

ordinances of fashion had collected an elegant mob, after the manner of a spring morning in Hyde-Park.

But how superior the enjoyment! From West to East—that is— from the Barracks to the Strand; an extent of about one mile and a half—the delighted eye wanders over the beautiful bay of Dublin, comprehending a view of the passing Shipping—the hill of Howth—and the Wicklow mountains.

Presently they met Lord and Lady Butler--

“Look at my *mad* sister”—said the little Devil—“spanking those tits along, four in hand, as eagerly as if she were really driving *dull Care to old Scratch*.”

It was impossible to resist her humor—Mrs. Colville called her a *bewitching* Devil, and kissed her hand affectionately.

The amusement of the Evening was a dance; and dancing, in Dublin, is always kept up till after breakfast; but, as the morning rays are rather inimical to the ravages of exercise on patch'd-up beauty, it is a custom, with the ladies, to retire at the dawn; when they find their suivantes, with portable dressing cases, ready to make them up for the reception of Squire Phœbus.

A dejeuné follows, and every lady is presented with a bouquet.

Parties, in Dublin, are more frequent than in London, on account of the dearth of public amusements. The * Theatre, excepting when ornamented

* Some years ago, Sestini, Urbani, and others, attempted an Italian Opera, under the auspices of the late Lord Mornington; but with as little success, as had, previously, been experienced by the Burletta Company, in Smock Alley, under the management of Kane O'Hara (author of *Midas*.)

The principals were the family d'Amici; two, of whom, were very beautiful young women, possessing vast sweetness of voice, as well as compass. They were, however, obliged to return to Italy (and were enabled so to do by subscription)

by the London Performers, being without interest; and the Rotunda, which is a miniature of our former Ranelagh, not being much the object of fashionable resort.

The little Devil came up to town with her Mama, and the Dowager Lady Butler; both too remarkable to pass in a croud unnoticed.

notwithstanding Dr. Andrews, the Provost of Trinity College—Dr. Wilson—Dr. Stock—and other “Fellows”—were among their warmest Patrons.

Mrs. Montgomery, the sister of Lord Wexford, is possessed of a masculine mind that leads her beyond the limits of female occupations.

It is said, that she, at one time, was so notoriously the supporter of the White Boys, that her brother, then *high* at the Bar, was heard to declare, he should be obliged to go to C—to hang his sister.

In confirmation of her influence, she, one day, ordered it to be signified, at mass, that she wished to drain off a large

morass upon her estate. On the following morning, two thousand White Boys were found working at peep of day, cheerfully and voluntarily, in clearing her land.

Her daughters were all beautiful, but not over rich ; and the marriage between Lord and Lady Butler originated in the following Machiavelian plan of this Lady.

The parents of Lord Butler, as I have stated, were obscure ; and elevated, by

miracle, to Rank. It happened, however, that the late Lord Butler survived the father of the present Lord ; so that the title descended, *immediately*, to the latter ; but this was not generally known, the parties not being of sufficient consequence to provoke the spirit of inquiry.

Mrs. Montgomery, however, foresaw that much might arise from the circumstance : and, with that idea, presented herself at the widow's cabin, offering her a pension and a title, conditionally, that the young Lord Butler should

marry one of her daughters, as soon as he was of age.

The bait was eagerly swallowed; and covenants entered into—an old servant was bribed to prove his master's death to be *subsequent* to the late Lord's, by a few weeks; and Mrs. Montgomery having a *friend in Court*, the claim was admitted, and a pension was granted out of the estates. The Dowager Lady afterwards became an inmate with Mrs. Montgomery; and, as her new dignities sat *rather* awkwardly upon her, and

were known, by the girls, to be nothing more than masquerade ornaments, it was the peculiar amusement of her daughter, elect, to "*my Lady*", the poor woman, at every word she addressed to her, with mock courtesies, and burlesque respect, which heightened the ridicule of her usurped pretensions.

Lady Butler, and the little Devil, now undertook to show her off; and her Ladyship, although not much resembling the beautiful Albiness, was as eagerly stared at by the Crowd.

It happened, about this time, that a family with whom our heroine had become slightly acquainted, during her excursions of the preceding summer, arrived in town to winter ; and as sympathetic minds grew familiar by intuition, the amiable Mrs. O'Connor paid her earliest visit to Mrs. Colville, with an elegantly insinuating freedom that bespoke the pleasure she took in her acquaintance.

This Lady was the happy wife of Ephraim O'Connor, Esq. a wealthy

landholder, a staunch patriot, a good husband, a sincere friend, and a generous landlord.

United by bands of the purest affections, they were guided by one will; and learnt, from each other, that all the gayest pageantries of life fade before the brighter comforts of a domestic fire side, cheered by a mutual desire to please.

Still, the world had claims upon them, which they considered it their duty to

fulfil. In Parliament, Mr. O'Connor was a firm supporter of the Minister, yet a liberal friend to the claims of his countrymen ; in which character he supported the * *impending* bill, in favor of the Catholics, on the public pledge of Mr. Grattan, that it should be the *last concession ever required from that house.*

Mrs. O'Connor, too, was governed by a public spirit—their fortune entitled them to rank in the first circles, and society demanded its rights.

* Simple repeal of Poyning's act."

She, therefore, mingled, without assimilating, among the fashionable world; but although she could not esteem, she never slandered her companions; and such was the becoming virtue she attired with—so free from satire, either positive or implied—so resolutely, yet so becomingly, devoid of all fashionable levity—that she was the admiration, alike, of the profligate and the good.

It is almost superfluous to state, that Mrs. Colville cultivated, with eagerness,

so valuable an acquaintance ; and she found the resource teeming with prudence and with pleasure.

The General, now, was scarcely ever at home : their tête-a-têtes—at breakfast, the only time he gave to her society—were cold and insipid : a constrained civility, founded in politeness rather than any warmer sentiment, was the current coin between them ; and nothing, in short, but separate beds was wanting to the climax of *fashionably domestic* happiness.

In this position of affairs—*improving*, as Pat would say, daily for the *worse*—Ellen Colville thought it no longer decorous to indulge in the habits of admitting the free visits of the constant Ponsonby—and while she was debating, as to the manner in which she could, with most becoming delicacy, estrange him from her side, the arrival of Mrs. O'Connor, at once, furnished her with means to commence the proposed arrangement.

While Lady Louisa, therefore, de-

voted herself, wholly, to the Butlers—sanctioned by her brother—our heroine passed as much of her time, as possible, with Mrs. O'Connor.

But here, too, Ponsonby followed—He was of fashion to demand his entrée partout—and Mrs. O'Connor received him with the distinction due to an accomplished gentleman.

The reader will, perhaps, wonder, that Mr. Ponsonby—whose views, with our heroine, have been developed—had

never as yet, either by word or deed, attempted to sound the virtue he was artfully essaying to subdue, by certain obliquities not to be misunderstood, yet within the pale of decorum; but Ponsonby was not a professed villain: accustomed, indeed, to the *admitted* freedoms of fashion—which had never, hitherto, sanctioned the particularity of his attentions, without, ultimately, rewarding his perseverance—he continued to besiege his unconscious victim, 'till the unaffected virtues of her ex-

ample, not only corrected the libertine, but filled his unresisting heart with a passion equally respectful and ardent—he, now, feared to find the weakness he, originally, sought to awaken, in his favor, and trembled, lest the object of his love should prove a very woman.

As soon, therefore, as prudence suggested, to our heroine, the necessity of withdrawing herself from his society—his hawk-eyed passion, instantly, dis-

covered a reserve in her manner fatal to his repose.

But when this reserve was followed by an evident desire to shun his presence, jealousy, combined with love, harrowed every feeling of his soul, and drove him to the verge of despair.

Not, that the manners of Ellen Colville were less seductive—but they wanted the cordial hilarity that, formerly, beamed from her expressive eye,

and smiled on her dimpled cheek, with unaffected pleasure.

The intercourse of mind was absent—She spoke, to him, in studied phrases—

In proportion as he yielded to the varying dictates of every fond anxiety, he insensibly discovered the rising tumults of his soul to our heroine—who, trembling at the situation, to which, she feared her own unguarded conduct had exposed her, determined on an

eclaircissement with him, and to close their intimacy for ever.

But the task was by no means easy. In taking a retrospect of her acquaintance with the amiable Ponsonby, she felt herself compelled to confess a decided esteem for him.—Not that the purity of Ellen's bosom was corrupted by this approving sentiment: it had no particle of love to warm it, but owed its existence to the united claims of justice and gratitude—the former was due

to his accomplishments ; the latter to his application of them.

Nothing can be more painful to an ingenuous mind, than an obedience to imposed duties, in violation of every personal feeling.

It was impossible to forget the constant and respectful attentions Ponsonby had, so invariably, shewn her—She had been the object of his *pity*, and was become the object of his *love*

A burning blush overspread our heroine's cheek, as this idea crossed her mind—but it was not the blush of guilt: it was an instinctive emotion that acknowledged a preference—not, perhaps, sanctioned by her duties as a wife, yet glowing with flashes of resentment against *him*, who could, thus, expose her to owe obligations to another, which should have been, exclusively, his own.

Pursuing the reflection, she shuddered to think on the dangers to which

a young wife, mingling in the world of fashionable dissipation, must be condemned, by the dereliction of a faithless husband, who constrains her to accept the common courtesies of life from an agreeable friend, or a masked seducer. She analyzed the female heart ; and thus she argued :

“ Vanity is the germe of every frailty. It is a theme, on which the female heart is permitted to indulge, in its progress, from the nursery to the drawing-room—it begins with our first

new ribban, and proceeds, gradually, 'till it becomes an habitual toy, essential to the pleasure of our existence.

“ What are our accomplishments, and proficiencies, but food for vanity ?

“ We play, we dance, we dress, to be admired—and our earliest expectations drew their sweetest pleasures from a species of elegant flattery adapted to our feelings—natural and acquired—which swells our bosoms with complacency.

“How fatal, therefore, is the reverse—produced by marriage—when a blooming wife finds herself the object of every man’s admiration, save that of him, whose duty it *should be* to guard her virtue by fostering her love.”

With these reflections, our heroine gave a sigh to the natural frailties of her sex, whose errors through life, originate, too frequently, in a *criminal neglect*, that exposes them to temptations, ALL are not equal to resist.

At length, she penned the following billet, which she addressed to Ponsonby :

“ Mrs. Colville requests to have the pleasure of Mr. Ponsonby’s company, in Merrion-Square, for half an hour, to-morrow at two.”

“ *Tuesday Evening.*”

Ponsonby, who had just returned from a ride amid the romantic scenery of the Black Rock, was stupified, with perplexity, at this receipt of the note :

it was undefinable !—a wakeful night passed ; and, with the approaching hour, he prepared to obey the mandate he had received.

Our heroine—whom he found, alone, in the drawing-room—arose to meet him with a smile: but the wildness of his enquiring eye, and the anxiety, too faithfully, depicted in his every feature, checked the familiarity of her address—she retreated ; and with some awkwardness, said:

“ Pray sit down, my good friend—I

must explain, to you, why I have deviated from the strict rules of propriety, by inviting you to this private interview ; but my motives, I trust, will plead my excuse."

He took his seat, without uttering a single word—she continued;

"You must have perceived, Mr. Ponsonby.—But why do I say YOU?"
All the world has perceived, that my husband finds pleasure any where, ex-

cept in his own house: and, yet, if I were permitted."

"Ten thousand curses!"—exclaimed the agitated Ponsonby, starting from his scat, and striking his forehead with his clenched hand, as he paced the room with wild, disordered, footsteps—
"Ten thousand, thousand, curses on the coldness of that heart which is insensible to the possession of such a treasure!"

"This violence, Mr. Ponsonby"—

rising—"is unmanly: you compel me to retire without fulfilling the purport of our meeting—"

Oh!"—he replied—"I meant not to play the madman, or the fool—Heaven knows, I respect your peace too much to form the slightest wish to invade it—I will be calm—pray explain, to me, whatever you would say."

"Well, then, if you will be rational, I wish to tell you that the solitude to which I am devoted, by fate, will draw

upon me all the eyes of a malicious world ; against whose prejudices it is my duty, for *my own* sake, to guard my reputation—and this, I shall not be permitted to accomplish, without refusing myself the continued pleasure of your friendly visits.”

After a short pause “I am, painfully, explicit, Mr. Ponsonby.—”

“ Pray proceed, Mrs. Colville—do not doubt that every syllable will be registered” — emphatically placing

his hand to his heart, and with supplicating eyes, silently, invoking "The Most High.

"You pain me extremely, Mr. Ponsonby, by extravagancies it neither becomes you to act, nor me to witness; but I wave all severity of comment, *at this moment*, to assure you, that I never can forget my obligations for the friendly solicitude with which you have, so frequently, assisted me to neglect the prevalent frivolities of fashion, in the more intrinsic charms of rational society—

The recollection will be, to me, as the impression of a pleasant dream, which my waking fancy is forbidden to recall: having, thus, explained my motives—for I am free to confess I value your good opinion, too highly, to risk the forfeiture, even by an appearance of lightness—it only remains, with me, to offer you my esteem: I pray you to accept it.”

“Hear me, thou angel! and tremble.—”

He replied, with terrific energy; . . .
. . . . then hesitated—then continued—

“ Mine are the confessions of a fiend, to whom, in the unsuspecting goodness of your heart, you have just offered your esteem but *you* are an angel!—In person, and in mind, good Heaven, how superior!—Yet are you doomed to mingle with the reptiles that crawl about this world.—TRUST NO ONE!—above all, those who most possess you — Mark me, well!” — nay,

tremble not yet, for I shall goad your feelings to the *inmost* quick !”

Having uttered this rhapsody—his tones, suddenly, softened; and he enquired, tenderly, of his beauteous auditor, if she had nerve to hear him through his tale of horror.

His words—his manner—were those of a Maniac: but Ellen was wrought up to a pitch, of dreadful expectation, that silenced every fear—

She intreated him to proceed.

What followed, was a detail of the base views with which he had, at first, endeavoured to win her good opinion—the operation of her virtues on his mind—their impressive dignity, which awed him from his purpose; and, by an unconscious progress, transformed the arch dissembler into the most ardent lover—the fiend-like plans of Lady Butler; who, without passion for its excuse, but solely instigated by the basest of all propensities—a *desire to*

reduce our heroine to her level—had bribed *him*, with her own person, to the act, while she attacked the General by an unreservedness of gallantry; which, in a woman so lovely and so artful, could not fail to succeed, her proficiency in the art of giving a delicious variety to every species of enjoyment, having so completely fascinated her Dupe, that her arms were become the haven of his every wish—the anticipated downfall of his angelic wife, which was considered certain, from the established prowess of her betrayer,

and that knowledge, of human nature, which points out retribution, as the exclusive balm, to wounded pride, in almost every bosom.

“And thus”—he continued—“do I expiate my offence”—

With these words, he threw himself at Ellen's feet—clasped her hand with a convulsive pressure, to his heart; and, 'ere she could recover her senses sufficiently to bid him arise, he blessed her with incoherent accents—and rushed

from the room, bidding her farewell for ever.

Ellen — gasping with the mighty agony of conflicting emotions—staggered to the bell-rope; but fell, along the carpet, before she could regain the sofa.

Fortunately, however, her recovery was so rapid, that she had taken her seat before the servant appeared: she desired Williams—her own maid—to be sent up; to whom she complained

of having been seized with a sudden giddiness, which had left her pale and languid.

Williams was quite alarmed ; but the simple restoration of sugar with lavender, soon gave back the color to her cheek—and the carriage, shortly after, being announced, Ellen thought the open air would still, more successfully, contribute to her recovery. She took the Miltown road.

Lady Lucy, as usual, was with the Butlers; and our heroine, left to a solitary communion with her own thoughts, was soon lost in the mazes of a painful reverie.

Hitherto, she had confined her sorrows, wholly, to her own bosom; and although every body saw the cause, her silence, on the subject, forbade others to complain: but the scene of premeditated villany, which the morning had disclosed to her knowledge,

authorised her to appeal for support to the direction of friends. She, therefore, resolved on confiding the circumstances by letter, to Mrs. Howard, and to Mrs. Wilmot, on her return home.

At one time, she thought the dangers, by which she was surrounded, so immediate, as to call for the earliest assistance; in which case, she would have solicited the advice of Mrs. O'Connor—but she, afterwards,

thought such a proceeding might be premature ; and as she could, always, claim her friendship, at the hour of need, she declined making the confidence.

It will be remembered, that Ellen's marriage, with the General, was rather the effect of *circumstance* than *choice* ; and the unamiable part of his character, as it disclosed to her unwilling observation, soon taught her, that the man—who *could* appear obliged,

elegant, and well informed—was, in reality, harsh, selfish, and unworthy her attachment; still duty pointed out her marriage as an irremediable evil, and her good sense directed her to moderate, by patience, what she could not correct by reason.

With these sentiments, she had attempted to parry the early exhibitions of her husband's ill humour, with a ready complaisance, and winning gaiety, that could not fail to subdue the of

fending party; and, as long as personal esteem gave an impetus to her actions, she flattered herself with a hope of, ultimately, changing the bent of his too-froward nature: but all these hopes vanished, when a systematic coldness, more painful, even, than his most pettish humours, convinced her that he was, wholly, undeserving the effort.

With loss of esteem, she lost, also, the inclination of returning any tran-

sient act of kindness, otherwise than by dissembled pleasantry; and trusting to the strength of her own mind, she endeavoured to bear, with fortitude, the miseries of her hapless destiny.

Still, as often as she reflected on the discovery of the morning—when she considered her husband, if not the immediate abettor, certainly, the supine spectator, of her projected dishonor—every dignified emotion of her soul revolted, intuitively, against the monster,

with whom she feared it would not be possible, long, to preserve terms.

To these oppressive reflections succeeded the romantic memory of her visionary love—an Elysium opened to her enraptured fancy ; but as the pleasing picture dissolved, comparison increased her actual state of suffering, and her surcharged heart burst with contending agonies.

Relieved by these friendly tears, re-

reflection took a calmer turn. She felt much grieved at having been the unintentional instrument of inflicting pain on Ponsonby; "And"
"a cold shivering ran through her frame at the idea—

"And yet," thought she, "but for the interposition of *that* passion, which I deplore, what might he not have attempted!"

Thus, variously, agitated by oppos-

ing passions, our heroine returned, from her ride, trembling in every nerve; and so extremely weak, that she was obliged to seek support to her chamber: a physician was immediately sent for; but, before he could arrive, she had lost a mother's first hopes.

Servants were, now, dispatched in every direction, to seek the General; but the General was not to be found. He, however, returned, at six, to dress for dinner; and was seriously alarmed

at the melancholy tidings that awaited him.

Sending for Williams, he understood his Lady to be in a high fever, and that it was the Doctor's most particular injunctions, that she should be kept as quiet as possible.

For the first time, remorse began to ehide the General for his conduct.— He recollected his obligations to his wife—her passive obedience—her mild,

amiable, and unrepining, demeanour, under all his unkindness towards her—and he felt the flush of shame crimson on his face.

For a moment, he was, wholly, the victim of compunction ; but Lady Butler's image soon rose up in opposition to his penitence : when, resisting his first impulse to stay at home, he dressed to dine at Lady Donnybrook's ; contenting himself with lavishing orders, that every as-

assistance should be summoned in aid of his wife's recovery.

At a very late hour, the General returned ; and, to his really eager inquiries, he learnt, that Mrs. Colville had fallen into a sweet sleep, about nine o'clock, and was still enjoying its beneficent influence.

He retired, not exactly to repose : for conscience would be busy ; but the

following morning gave an entire new turn to his thoughts—this the occasion :

“ My dearest G.

“ Wonders, certainly, will never cease. Ponsonby sailed, in the packet, last night for the Head—the suddenness of his departure is, naturally enough, ascribed to a *brulée* yesterday morning with his *favourite*—need I say who?

“ The remainder of the *Farce* will,

now, be perfectly intelligible to you;
but prithee, love, do not mourn, too
piteously, the loss of *thy* first-born.

“Aminta.”

This infernal composition was delivered to the General in bed. It would be difficult to attempt any description of the rage which filled his bosom on the perusal—and he, who had, in reality, paved the way to his wife’s ruin, was raving, with arrogant notions of offended honor, at the bug-

bear presented to his view ; while Lady Butler—amiably communicative—was busily employed in detailing, to the fashionable world, the particulars of her *virtuous* friend's first false step : nor was Lady Louisa deficient in her part—a spirit of retaliation, for the sober lessons her sister-in-law, had, so prudishly, obtruded on her, gave a flippancy to her tongue, at the expence of every moral obligation.

It was not, however, intended to cut

Mrs. Colville: on the contrary, Lady Butler's was among the first enquiries after her health; and Lady Louisa deplored, at her bed-side, with extreme volubility, the indisposition of her *dear* sister.

While these different parties were agitated by these various emotions, our heroine—perfectly unconscious of the charges which malevolence had conjured up, in array, against her—

recovered her strength, daily, although she never ceased to lament the accident.

All this time, the General did not trouble her with a single enquiry: this appeared, to her, as strange as it was unnatural; for, notwithstanding his delinquency as a husband, he had ever preserved appearances as a gentleman—and treated her, invariably, with the respect due to her character.

At length, she ventured to enquire

after him ; but the only information she received, from Williams, was—that her master was scarcely ever at home ; but that he appeared, when he did come home, to be extremely unhappy.

This was such a contradictory report, that it was not possible to draw any conclusion ; but as patience had done so much already, she continued to look forward, to it, as to her sovereign remedy against all future ills.

As she grew better, and was enabled to sit up in an easy chair, Mrs. O'Connor would devote the day to her; and it was from this kind friend she first learnt, that Ponsonby had quitted Ireland very abruptly.

They were alone when this communication took place: and our heroine — either unmindful that she had resolved not to have a confidante; or, softened by an interesting debility, which equally affects the mind and

person—made a faithful relation, of every thing that had passed, to her amiable visitor.

Mrs. O'Connor was more shocked than surprised at the tale, for she had, also, heard of the construction that had been, *humanely*, given to Mrs. Colville's sudden indisposition; and became still more assured in the infamy of one party, and the purity of the other.

This was not, however, a moment for comment; Mrs. O'Connor, therefore, waved the subject, which, she said, they might discuss better when Mrs. Colville was restored to her usual health—meanwhile, she intreated her not to suffer the circumstance to prey on her spirits, as it was not a novelty in high life.

Thus two persons—acting upon the most rigid principles of honor—became, through the medium of fashionable

scandal, objects for slander to point its envenomed finger at.

While our Heroine was still in a state of convalescence, an event took place, in the higher circles, which, for awhile, provoked the public indignation; but, in consideration—it would appear—of the RANK of the parties, it died away in inoffensive whispers.

Lady Butler had appointed an Evening for the first rehearsal of her intended

play—when the character of Cherry was made over to the *little Devil*; and that of the Lady Bountiful, good-naturedly, undertaken by Lady Donnebrook: with a Scrub, they were not prepared---in the room of Ponsonby---but the part was read by a gentleman; and Gibbet was, *characteristically*, assigned to 'Captain Hoyle, on account of the following anecdote; which, instead of expelling him society, is recorded as a d—d good hoax, and famous instance of presence of mind.

The Captain was famed, through life, for his successful intrigues—skill in evading bailiffs—and expediency in ways and means.

Having occasion, once, to call at a celebrated Notary public's, in Ireland, in the hope of borrowing a small sum of money—and being put to his wits by a blunt refusal from the lawyer—he chanced to espy two bank notes, of fifty pounds each, peeping from be-

neath an office-lead, on the writing table : the Captain made a lucky snatch ; and ran off, as fast as his legs would carry him, with the prize.

The Notary, was, at first, rivetted to his seat with astonishment ; but soon feeling the loss he had sustained, he followed, with better speed, and almost trod on the heels of the runaway, in passing through Exchange Alley.

But the Captain—never at fault—re-

collecting the story of Atalanta and the golden apples, dropped one of the fifty pound notes; and, while the outwitted lawyer stopped to pick it up, the Captain gained ground; and, eventually, secured an *honorable* retreat.

It was past midnight before the rehearsal was over, and a very gallant supper was prepared, exclusively, for the performers; all, of whom—except Lord Butler—sat down to the en-

tertainment, placing themselves in pairs, like mated turtle doves: The Champagne sparkled after supper—the double entendre circulated round the table—and all was unbridled joy, and uncorrected revelry.

At this critical period, the little Devil contrived to withdraw Lady Louisa—who was the gayest among the gay—from the party, and stole with her home. Pierrepont became the butt of the Company, as soon as his misfortune

was known; and he retired, uttering volumes of curses at his disappointment —while the happy party continued their high-born diversion, till lords and ladies, freely, banished all decorum.

With her spirits thus mounted, my Lady Butler—abetted by Lady Wexford—made a dead set at Colonel Roscommon, whom she, loudly, reprobated for his infamous conduct to

his deceased benefactress, in P— P—: and complimented, with irresistible satire, his passive good nature, in so quietly submitting to the rib-roasting he had received from his friend Arthur Claremont.

The incensed Colonel swore, by *Jasus*, he would make that contented cuckold, her husband, answer to him for her Ladyship's conduct; and that he would publish her intrigues through every street in Dublin.

General Colville retaliated on the Colonel for his unmanly warmth to a Lady ; and delicately hinted, that a second edition of the Claremont drubbing might restore the Honorable Colonel to his proper senses.

An uproar now ensued, which seemed to threaten a general battle : but order was, by some means or other, restored ; and the bottle went round with greater spirit than ever.

The Colonel, however, had planned his revenge, and kept himself, comparatively, sober; while the remainder of the noble company got gloriously *in for it*.

As soon, therefore, as he found his scheme ripe for execution, he conducted the Ladies Butler and Wexford to their separate rooms—exchanging their gallants—so that, on recovery of their senses next day, they found they

had a new score to enter on their tablets of gallantry:

In the morning, the Colonel bruited the adventure all over Dublin; an open brulée was the consequence, between Lord Butler, Lord Wexford, and himself, and there it ended.

In the letters written by Mrs. Colville to her friends, in England, she expressed it as her decided opinion, that she was fully warranted, by the

unjustifiable conduct⁴ of her husband, in separating from him—but deferred the act, until it should be sanctioned by them.

Relieved, in great measure, by this communication, and supported by the constant attentions of Mrs. O'Connor, our heroine improved in health; but continued the seclusion of her dressing-room, never intruded upon by the General, and seldom by Lady Louisa; who, haughtily, maintained the rec-

itude of the Butlers, in defiance of public clamour.

At the end of a week, answers were received by Ellen—that, from Mrs. Howard, breathing the enthusiastic affection of a parent, lamenting her cruel destiny, and inviting her return to England, to accept the devotion of *her* future life.

That, from Mrs. Wilmot, was accompanied by another from her hus-

band : the former, soliciting her, with all the warmth of friendship, to make her residence with them, as long as she could find it pleasant ; and, the latter, proposing to attend her in Ireland, for the purpose of superintending the arrangement of her fortune, and to be her escort back.

When Ellen shewed these letters to Mrs. O'Connor, she wept, with gratitude, at what she termed the disinterested goodness of her dear friends ; but the

latter, pressing her hand with fervor, assured her, that she could not fail to make friends wherever she was known.

“Sweet flatterer!”—she replied with a sigh—“have you, then, forgotten, how lightly my most anxious efforts to please, have been appreciated? how miserable I am made, by HIM, whom I would fain have made most happy?”

“True, my love”—said Mrs. O’Connor—“but I do not yet believe the

General to be a reprobate in his heart. He has been seduced by no common artifices: his reason has been estranged by blandishments, which have, for the moment, robbed your unobtrusive charms of their less imposing, but more valuable, fascination.

“I do not mean to argue, that he is the less unworthy your love; but that Lady Butler is a disgrace to her sex.”

“ I would gladly think, with you, my dear Mrs. O'Connor, but I am not ~~the~~ less persuaded, that it becomes the dignity of my character not to live any longer with a man, who, openly prefers the company, of such a woman, to his domestic duties ; and, unfeelingly, exposes me to the ridicule of the world.—Indeed, till within these few nights, he has not even preserved the decency of appearances by sleeping at home, since, as I understand, ~~the~~ second day of my confinement.—

This is the crisis of my fate : I must obey it."

The crisis of thy fate, sweet Ellen !
—Alas ! how little do short-sighted mortals know of futurity !—and they are blessed with ignorance : the hand of fate, however, was at work.

It happened, by a singular coincidence, that Mr. O'Connor and the General were engaged on the very subject of conversation, that their wives

were discussing; and, at the same time, without the knowledge of each other, and without the least premeditation...

No particular cordiality had ever existed between these two gentlemen—their pursuits were as different as their principles appeared to be—Mr. O'Connor was, therefore, rather surprised, when the General followed him out of Daly's, in the morning, and requested a private audience at the next hotel.

A visible dejection gloom'd on the General's countenance — his air was disordered—and his eyes were swelled with waking anxieties.

Mr. O'Connor, who had made these remarks, consented to the interview; and they walked arm-in-arm silently, to Morant's in Sackville Street.

“I am very unhappy,”—said the General, when they were seated—

“and would, gladly, consult you, my good friend, as to how I should act.”

“Escape from the harlot who has enslaved you”—replied Mr. O’Connor—“and, then, you may command my best exertions.”

“I fear, indeed, I have been the dupe of female artifice.”——

“The abettor of female depravity!”

retorted Mr. O'Connor, with much quickness.

“ You probe me, rather roughly, Sir !”

“ It will awaken you, General, to a feeling of the malady which afflicts you—Be composed, and I will explain the malignant qualities of which your disease is compounded.”

“ I am all attention.”

“ Lady Butler, I admit, possesses a certain witchery of manners, which, accompanied by virtue, would give her pre-eminence in every circle—but an ill-assorted marriage, aided by her infectious intercourse with Lady Wexford, have contaminated the stream of gaiety, and diverted it into the channel of libertinism.

When my Lord Wexford was a crown officer, at the bar, he was devoted to the beautiful Mrs. Lawson

The Colonel having passed a happy evening with his favourite dulcinea, marched off to Daly's with the check in his pocket, and reached the circle just as Lord Wexford—who had thrown seven successive mains—was, gaily rattling the box, and inviting the Company round to set the jolly caster.

"Out, for a cool hundred!"—exclaimed the Colonel, pledging his check to answer the event—

The box dropped from the numbed hand of the caster; who, forgetting where he was, exclaimed, with gaping mouth, and distended eyes,

“ Why, where the devil, Colonel, did you get that draft ? ”

The jest was soon understood ; and his Lordship, not wishing to receive the congratulations of his friends, sullenly, left the room—and, from that

moment, broke off all intercourse with the beautiful Mrs. Lawson.

Miss Paley—sister to Jerusalem Paley, and a celebrated toast—was the next object of his Lordship's affections ; and, with her, he speedily contracted a marriage.

Her Ladyship, immediately, set up as a leader of fashion, and gave splendid parties.

Her first intrigue, is said, to have

been with Silver O——; but, soon after, becoming jealous of her gallant, —in a frantic moment, she accused him, to her Lord, with having offered her liberties, improper for a *virtuous* woman to submit to—upon which, a most violent quarrel took place between the parties, and their mutual animosity, it is supposed, will only end with their lives.

The next, in the list, is the gallant P——, whom report states to be the

father of one of his Lordship's children.

The third, is Major H——, since Lord B——, *then* Minister here.

The fourth, is my Lord Kilkenny: this intrigue was likely to have been attended with serious consequences; but the public situation, of Lord Wexford, would not permit him to act in conformity with his feelings.

Lord Kilkenny was the intimate

friend of Lord Wexford, and domesticated with him, frequently, as one of his family, at his beautiful country seat, near Dublin.

One night, Lord Wexford awoke and turning in bed, discovered his Lady's place unoccupied; whereupon, with a sudden flash of jealousy, he arose; and, having posted himself in the corridor, opposite to Lord Kilkenny's apartment, he awaited the event.

Towards day-light, her Ladyship being about to retire, was frightened by the appearance of a figure in the passage, and hastily retreated to the bed she had, so lately, quitted.

But his Lordship followed, upbraided his wife with the infamy of her conduct, and his *friend* with the breach of hospitality, he had, so basely, committed : to the former, he said—

“ Return—wretch as you are—to

your apartment, and be mindful to keep your own secret. While you do so—for the sake of your innocent children—I will not betray you.”

Then, turning to her gallant, he told him, “that nothing but his high public situation prevented him from inflicting such exemplary punishment on his perfidious guest, as would mark him, through life, with deserved opprobrium.”

His Lordship, afterwards — having previously attended her Ladyship to her room—went to the apartment of Colonel K——, then, also, on a visit with him, where he found Lord Kilkenny, and renewed his reproaches; ordering him, in the presence of the Colonel, to depart his house that day; and, as he valued his personal welfare, to plead letters of recal, as an *ostensible* reason for his abrupt departure; and warned him, further, that he—Lord Wexford—would always carry loaded

pistols for the purpose of shooting him —Lord Kilkenny—if he ever found him near his grounds, or detected him in attempting any correspondence with Lady Wexford : and, lastly, insisting, peremptorily, on Lord Kilkenny's most sacred pledge, that he never would divulge the adventures of the past night ; and, that he would never accept an invitation, to any party, at which he knew either Lord or Lady Wexford had been, or were to be, invited.

Lord Wexford, then, repeating his regret that official etiquette would not allow him to *do more*, left the room without interruption.

I should fatigue you, General, were I to enumerate the adventures of this unblushing demirep; but I have said enough to satisfy you, that such a preceptress was dangerously calculated to subvert the principles of a thoughtless, merry, girl, like Lady Butler---whose marriage, and affinity with Lord Wex-

ford's family, associated them, so intimately, together.

To baneful example, therefore, do I attribute her errors ; but must, in candor, admit, that she has been an apt scholar in the school of libertinism.

The first rumors, prejudicial to Lady Butler's character, originated in Mrs. C—— B—— , formerly a lady of rank, and now a divorced wife---who, piqued

that Lady Butler would not invite her to her parties, when both families were in London, followed her Ladyship, on her return to Dublin, and reported her intrigues with Captain M—— of dashing turf notoriety—Lord K—— the sporting R—— H—— and tho' last—not least—the veteran, gallant, Major A——; and added, that when she was tired with the sameness of intrigue—notwithstanding the variety which she gave to it—her Ladyship enlivened the scene by making parties at Faro, for

O'B——, C——, and others of gambling notoriety.

It was in vain that Lord Butler turned a deaf ear to all these tales of scandal, or that Lady Butler laughed at them, as the malicious effervescences of “*a Creature without Character,*” whom she had refused to admit to her society.

Mrs. C—— B—— is a lovely little woman, and her husband much es-

teemed. She found friends to support her, and the tide of popularity drove Lord and Lady Butler to the Continent; from which they only returned last Spring: but Lady Wexford's sway in the fashionable world being, at that time, greater than ever, her niece has been re-admitted to society—as a leader of fashion—this winter; nem: con:

I shall close this sketch, by a little anecdote, illustrative of the *value* Lady Wexford attaches to her reputation,

and the caution with which she can, at times, guard it.

Being in want of a lady's maid, several young persons presented themselves for hire: one, of whom, particularly pleased her fancy: upon which, her Ladyship ordered her chair, to carry her, according to the address she had received, in pursuit of her new maid's character—but her terror was inconceivable, when, in the mistress of the splendid mansion to which she

had been taken, she discovered the noted Peg Ptunket. !

“ Heavenly God ! ” exclaimed her Ladyship, in violent perturbation—
“ what will become of me if I should be * seen here ?—My character will be blasted for ever ! ”

* It is a singular fact, that Lord Wexford carried on the farce of *believing* in his wife’s virtue to the last, although he could not bear the sight of her when on his death-bed. But her Ladyship

“Your Ladyship need not be under any apprehensions,” replied the Cy-

was so fully resolved to administer his last comforts to him, that she dressed as a servant, and stained her face, that he might not know her in her well-meant occupation.

On opening the will, it was found, that his Lordship, pompously, had left the education of his children to their mother, “*confident that they would be trained in the paths of virtue by her example.*”

prian Priestess very coolly—"I will let you out at the *private door I keep for the B——p's——*"

Mr. O'Connor having closed his little narrative, fell backward in his chair, with folded arms, and *looked* for a reply.

'Oh, my friend"—cried the General with agony—"you have planted daggers in my heart, without reserving, to yourself, the power of healing the

wounds you have so unmercifully inflicted.

“ Do not despair, General—Repentance goes a great way towards soothing an afflicted mind.”

“ But repentance cannot restore the virtue of the, *now*, ill-fated Ellen ! Merciful God ! what have I not to answer for ! when I married that beauteous creature, Mr. O'Connor, her mind was as pure as drifting snows from

Heaven ; my neglect has exposed her to the artifices of a villain : she has fallen — but by no *common* means — of that, I am certain ; and, by the Eternal Ruler of Events, I swear”

“ Hold, impious man !—nor dare to call upon your Maker, in confirmation of you know not what.—“ Of whom do you complain ?”

“ That monster, Pensonby — who

stole upon my confidence, to seduce my wife."

" On what evidence do you accuse him, pray?—"

" On confirmation strong, as proof of holy writ—the whole city rings with my disgrace."

" It does, General — It records your desertion of a young, beautiful, and spotless wife—it reviles you,

as the dupe of a profligate woman—it does, indeed, ring with your disgrace.”

“ I may deserve this censure, Mr. O'Connor; but permit me to tell you, your language is more harsh than I am accustomed to listen to.--Beware, Sir, lest you provoke my anger, instead of conciliating my esteem.

“ There are characters, General, whose disapprobation, of my senti-

ments, I should court ; and, I will add, that I never suffer myself to be taught, when, or how, I should express them. You brought me hither to console you, and I have the power to sooth the penitent ; but I deal not either with bigots or madmen — Satisfy me that you are open to conviction, and free to confess your errors, and I will prove myself your better Genius.

“ Bear with me, Mr. O’Connor, I

I have cherished through life, I swear to you, that a more virtuous woman than your wife does not live—You may well start—but Mrs. O'Connor shall convince you ; and she will unite, with me, to restore you both to happiness—Now, General, are we friends?"

" Make good your words, my dear friend, and I will fall down and worship you."

Mr. O'Connor, pleased with the re-

sult of this interview, took the General, with him, home to dinner: They were joined by Mrs. O'Connor; and, in the evening, an explanation took place, so fully to the conviction of the General, that he acknowledged, with contrition, all the errors of his conduct, which he vowed to expiate by the correctness of his future life; entreating the mediation of his friends, to restore him, once more, to his injured, but beloved, Ellen.

Mrs. O'Connor, most happy when engaged in offices of humanity, entered next morning on the task of reconciliation. Ellen wept exceedingly at this extraordinary turn of fortune; then smiling, through her tears, observed,

“ We have all, my dear Mrs. O'Connor, something to be forgiven—I will meet my husband as if nothing had happened—the only favor I have to beg is, that he will not pain me by

any unpleasant retrospect; all is forgotten, and forgiven."

"I told you, the other day"—replied Mrs. O'Connor, smiling—"that you possessed the secret of making yourself beloved by every body, and it will be well if I do not, soon, grow jealous of you—but I hasten to relieve the General, whom I left, below, trembling with alternate hopes and fears."

With extended arms, and the seraphic smile of welcome, Ellen hastened to press her husband to her bosom: and, when he, overcome with her exalted goodness, would have kneeled in token of his humility; she raised him affectionately — again embraced him; and turning to her friends, invited them to pass the renewal of her wedding day with her.

“ Great God ! ” — said the General, gazing with admiration on his wife —

“ teach me, I beseech thy goodness, to deserve the fulness of my happiness—for, hitherto, I have been most unworthy, as well as most unconscious, of the treasure I possessed !”

The morning closed with mutual acts of feeling—not to be described !

A perfect reconciliation having, thus, taken place ; Ellen thought it her duty to endeavor to rescue Lady Louisa from the dangers that surrounded her.

She had heard of the goodness of heart displayed by the dear little Devil, at the rehearsal, to which, perhaps . . .

.

It was an idea so pregnant with horror, she could not bear to contemplate it—but Lady Louisa was thoughtless in the extreme, and her guardian angel might not, always, be at her elbow.

She communicated her apprehensions, as delicately as possible, to the General, offering it, as her opinion,

that his sister's return, to England, would be the most becoming step, for the safety and honor of all parties.

The proposal was, in consequence, made to Lady Louisa; who, contrary to all expectation, gave a ready acquiescence: desiring, merely, a few days for preparation, and to take leave of her friends.

Lulled into security by this finesse, no caution was thought necessary; and

her Ladyship, thus left a free agent, eloped on the day preceding that appointed for her departure: merely leaving a note to inform her *wise* brother —“ that she had taken *his* advice; but chosen *her own* *compagnon du voyage.*”

Both the General and Mrs. Colville were inconsolable at this event: Lady Louisa had good qualities, if they had been properly directed; but the old adage is most true:

“ Evil communications will corrupt good manners.”

To relieve their minds, and, at the same time, to draw them from a scene teeming, to both parties, with painful recollections, the O’Connors invited their friends to return with them, for a week or two, to their Marine Pavillion, on the coast, about twenty-five miles from Dublin.

Nothing could exceed the affec-

tionate attention, with which the General, now, treated his amiable wife—and, as gold becomes more pure from the fire—so are the attributes of virtue more alluringly valuable, after passing the ordeal of temptation, or misfortune.

Ellen would have been quite happy again, had not the errors of Lady Louisa, too feelingly, aroused her most compassionate regret—for Ellen, though the pupil of nature, submitted to the guidance of reason, which cor-

repressed those enthusiastic flights, in her mind, it did not wholly repress.

If, therefore, her heart did not fully, and cordially, banquet on her husband's renewed affections, it confessed the propriety of her yielding to circumstances, and dictated to her, that the color of her future fate, would, in great measure, depend on herself. The General, therefore, found he had nothing to wish for—his Ellen—his restored Ellen!—was dearer to him than ever;

and his return of affection was grateful as it was impassioned.

What a pleasing reverse ! The noble-hearted O'Connors gazed with cordial satisfaction, as they contemplated the work of their own hearts.

While the Ladies passed their mornings in domestic amusements, Mr. O'Connor led the General among his tenantry.

“If the legislature”—said the former,

“could pass their days, as I do, in the bosom of my tenantry, they would shortly find, that the turbulent and barbarous habits of the lower orders of society, in this country, might be removed with the abject poverty, and unlamented sufferings, that *now* surround them.

“But it is a subject so little understood in England—perhaps, even, in this country—that the first step, towards their organization, must be

founded in a thorough knowledge of their condition—their habits—and their sentiments.

“ The English “ MAN OF FEELING” has been clamorous on the subject of the slave trade ; and the Philanthropist deplures the existing vassalage in Germany, Poland, Russia, and other parts of the Continent..

“ But where is the public character, who stands forward in the defence and

protection of this brave— this hardy—
this neglected people?—whose *real*
vassalage exposes *them* to all the *imagined*
evils, which mistaken humanity
has ascribed to slavery.

“ Let it, however, be remembered—
at least it ought—that the Irish peasant, with a quickness of perception and feeling, unknown among the wild inhabitants of Africa, *suffers the toils, without enjoying the exemptions,* of the latter.

“ The Irish peasant is indefatigable in pursuing his eternal labors, under every species of discouragement. He works the loom, without ever knowing the comforts of linen: he contributes to supply distant countries with beef, butter, and pork—while his own sustenance is the butter-milk, which, in England, would be given to the hogs: he cultivates grain without tasting bread: he raises pigs, poultry, and eggs, without knowing the luxury of either.

“ And why ?---because this willing, suffering, hard-working people, consider these comforts as the exclusive property of their landlords, and vegetate on the offals—hence, the prevailing want of that ruddy health, and cheerful countenance, so characteristic of an English ploughman.”

“ In the West-India Islands, if a Slave is incapacitated, by illness, from labor, he has no care either for himself his wife, or his children ; all, of whom,

are regularly and carefully provided, by the *interest*—if not by the *humanity*—of their owner.

“ In Ireland, when a poor peasant is confined with an autumnal ague, or an epidemic disease—which will sometimes ravage a whole county—one, and all, are exposed to the inhumanity of their *immediate* landlords; their cattle, or their pigs, are distrained; and, thus deprived of their little property, they are driven from their farms, outcasts in a land of *boasted* civilization!

“Again---the Slave is invested by his master, with a portion of ground to raise provisions; which, he takes to market, on Sunday, and appropriates to *his own use*---this ground, he is permitted to work, at stated periods, during hours, otherwise, devoted to his Master: in like manner, if his hut is injured by the weather, he is not only allowed time, but assistance in repairing it: whereas, the Irish Cottier, who, also, has his slip of land---*hired* from his employer, and for which he pays a rent

proportioned to the *full extent* of his earnings—is thus situated.—”

“ If he devotes himself, wholly, to the encrease of his regular wages, his potatoe garden is neglected — and, if he minds his potatoe garden, his wages decrease: so that, at the end of the year, after submitting to every possible privation—short of starving—he finds himself as poor, if not poorer, than he was at the beginning; and, most probably, with an accumulation of family.

“ In the summer season, it is by no means unusual, for swarms of these poor Cottiers to flock to Dublin; whence they take their passage to Parkgate, to Holyhead, or to Liverpool — at half a crown per head—and, thence, disperse themselves towards different Counties, to assist in getting in the harvest : and after a life of extreme toil, and a traverse of near four hundred miles, they return to their homes, with a saving—however incredible—of three, or four, pounds each : every farthing of which

hard-earned money they hold, *in trust*, for their landlord in Ireland, starving amid plenty, like Tantalus before his bunch of fruit.

In short--the higher orders of society, although not the *immediate oppressors* of the poor, appear to have considered them as mere machines; and under that semblance, have *licensed oppression in the little Gentry*, who grow into self-importance from the rank weeds of pettifogging--tythe jobbing,--and tax

gathering: and these self-created Esquires add insult to injury, which, when it does not *supinely* *debase* the mind; so goaded, incites it to acts of *frantically* determined vengeance and incalculable crime—for degradation will generate many bad, as well as enfeeble many good qualities: and, in proportion to the sensibility which characterizes my countrymen, and renders them fervent in friendship, in gratitude, and conferring kindness—their honest and unsus-

picious nature—once aroused—becomes quick, in resentment—vehement, and often cruel, in revenge.

“ These, and other, facts—not less glaring—are sufficient, I presume, to show, that a minute, as well as extended inquiry into the actual state of the Irish peasantry, is politically essential to the formation of so great a plan, as may hereafter—by ameliorating their literature—claim their gratitude, ensure their attachment, and digest them

into peaceable and industrious beings.

“ Such a plan, certainly, could not be carried into full effect in a moment; but patience and perseverance would, ultimately, accomplish the desirable object—Government would, no longer, be disturbed with civil commotions; and the strength of the nation would be encreased by millions of hardy natives—brave, in defending their *established* rights; and zealous in their

attachment to the source, from whence they derived them."

"You have drawn an animated picture, my good friend, of the existing evils which, too evidently, cherish the spirit of rebellion in this unhappy country."

"I have drawn a *faithful* picture, General—would it were otherwise!—"

At this moment, Mr. O'Connor,

espying a tall, gigantic figure, singularly accoutred, advancing towards them, pointed him out to his companion, with this observation—

“ I will, now, General, shew you a *wild Irishman.*”—I need not enter into his character ; it will develope itself, in ten minutes, to you.”

The personage about to be introduced to the reader, was Father O'Mooney. He was

But the occasion of his visit will be the most satisfactory explanation of the Doctor's character.

On a tempestuous night—when rapid lightnings illuminated the Heavens with flashes of terrific splendor, and roaring winds, aroused the peaceful billow to battle with its foaming neighbour—a little schooner, bound from Cork to Dublin, was the exposed plaything of the raging storm..

Contending surges beat against her

yielding sides ; and mountain waves, now, raised her to a fearful height above the level of the ocean—and, now, precipitated her into the abyss below.

In this situation of excessive peril—when the lashed helmsman, in vain, essayed to stem the boisterous enemy, and every sail was furled—the skipper ordered out his little boat, in which himself, a gentleman passenger, and two gentlemen, committed themselves to the care of Providence, which could,

alone, protect them through impending dangers.

It happened, that they were much nearer to the shore, than they were aware of; but, after buffetting about for upwards of two hours—in the dead of night—a dreadful sea, hissing with foam, took the boat on her larboard quarter; and, although the steersman steered her helm a-weather, she broached to—upset—and overwhelmed—the sea rolling over and over.—

The Skipper and his men miraculously, regained the boat; and, by keeping her quarter to the surf, notwithstanding a dreadful, hollow, broken, sea, was running in every direction, and continually burying them beneath its waves, they reached the shore, to which they had been directed by elemental fires, and hauled up their boat.

These jolly tars—thus mercifully.

preserved, by the assisting Hand of Providence, without whose fiat, "the sparrow falls not to the ground"—on reconnoitring, discovered the mud-cabin of a fisherman hard by; who, on the knock and hilloah of his visitors, benevolently arose to offer them the hospitality of his cot.

The turf still burnt in the corner of the cabin; and which the good dame, with true spirit of native cordiality, busied herself in stirring it into a blaze, the

honest-hearted host inspired his half-drowned guests with a glass of whiskey round.

Invigorated by this cordial—and the winds having considerably lulled with the break of day, these honest fellows proposed to venture in the fisherman's boat;—it being larger than their own—the benevolent hope of assisting any of their companions, whom the wreck might have left to the mercy of the wind and waves.

The day was just beginning to dawn ; and the Heavens now still forked, in variegated streaks, portending heavy gusts of wind—the waves still rudely undulated with the perturbation of the late storm ; but mercy is the soul of a seaman.

They embarked with the fisherman and two lighted links, which they found at his hut.

“ Avast pulling there, my lads,”

cried the helmsman, "we are close along-side of a body afloat; and, by the mast, it is our passenger!"

A few minutes enabled them to raise the lifeless corse into their boat; which they did in mournful silence.

"He was a kind-hearted gentleman, and the seaman's friend," said one, —"and that's the truth on't."

"My eyes,"—exclaimed a second—

“to founder on so short a voyage—
who would ha’ thought it?”

Meanwhile, the fisherman, having gazed, attentively, at the cause, proposed they should make the best of their way back, as Father O’Mooney, ---the parish priest---was a physician, and had, many a time, brought a drowned dead person to life again, by means of the Humane Society.

It was broad day at their return,

and the shore was lined with friendly natives, all eager to offer their best services to the sufferers: the body was instantly, taken into the fisherman's; and one of the nimblest, among the spectators, set off in quest of the * Reverend Father.

At his approach, the Doctor was received, by the parishioners, with

* The Reader will recollect he is on the Southern coast of Ireland; and, that the Priest spoke the *unadulterated* language of his forefathers.

profound silence, and an humble inclination of the body ; for, be it known, to the reader, the Reverend Father O'Mooney, independently of his claims to their respect as a Divine---was village school-master, and self-appointed M. D. of the parish.

It has been asserted, that a little learning is a dangerous thing ; but the Doctor was an exception to this hypothesis---he had been bred, *as he termed it*, at an obscure Roman Catholic

school,* dignified with the name of College, where he acquired a stock of Latin phrases; and a slight acquaintance with the Heathen Mythology---

* The prevalent mode of education, among the lower order, is attained by means of HEDGE SCHOOL-MASTERS; so called, from their, frequently, keeping school beneath a hedge, when they cannot shelter in a barn, stable, or other out-house. The Priests, however, reprobate this custom, as the ignorant are, thereby, enabled to form many constructions on their religion, politics, and laws, which they ought to understand, *mechanically* only.

which enabled him to *bother* his more illiterate neighbours with hard words, and apt allusions: he was, therefore, considered a miracle of learning among them.

But, however, deficient the order of people may be in learning—and, however, political it may be deemed to keep them in that state of ignorance—nature has bestowed, on them, intrinsic marks of it's peculiar bounty: their abstinence, even, does not restrain their

genuine flow of animal spirits, or check their native vivacity: They meet, in groups, after their hard labours, with brows unclouded either by moroseness, or discontent: they are obliging, affable, and courteous with all—particularly, strangers—as they consider good humor and hospitality to be inseparable from an Irishman's creed.

An English Gentleman, driven by a hail storm, to shelter within a peasant's cabin, was surprized, amid all the pe-

nury that surrounded him, to observe the florid health, and hilarity, of a large family of chubby children.

“How, my friend”—he asked—
“do you contrive to have so many fine children!”

“By J——s, your Honor, it is the potatoe”—he replied.

And this potatoe—or rather the crop, which is the united labor of the family

---is, *first*, subject to the tythes of the Vicar; and, then, to the still more urgent claims of the Parish Priest.

But Dr. O'Mooney's pretensions to respect, was not, wholly, confined to his learning. An athletic person, a floridity of complexion borrowed from the whisky keg, and ingenuous features that bespoke internal worth, even his natural advantages: those acquired, were perhaps, still more imposing.

An immense grey bushy wig, be-

neath a small cocked hat, gave solemnity to his countenance: his waistcoat was of black serge; and his coat, a rusty pepper and salt mixture, lined with the same materials as his waistcoat. Across his brawny shoulders, and buttoned at the throat, a weather-beaten surtout---part of an old scarlet roquelaure---hung, carelessly, after the manner of a Hessian cloak: and, finally, his black velvet inexpressibles were cased, at the knee, in heavy dragoon boots, tied up with red worsted garters.

Without noticing the humility of the bye-standers, the Doctor approached the pallet on which the good people had laid the inanimate form of their drown'd guest.

“ Oh, Holy St. Patrick!”—exclaimed the Doctor—“ was there ever such a confounded set of stupid ignoramus’s—the poor drowned crature will be sure to get his death of cold for want of dry clothing—what, in the devil’s name, are ye all about there?”

“ Please your Reverence, we *knew* the Gentleman was dead, and so we *thought*”

“ You *knew* and you *thought*
 Oh, botheration, and is it come to this!—Tell me, Ragamuffins, who am I?—Am I not the only regular bred M.D. within fifty miles of this parish?—did I not take my degrees under the great Dr. Corcoran of Belfast?—Will you be after stirring your stumps there, I say, and let me make

haste and bring the dead soul to life again — which I will do — Deo Ju-vante!”

“ By my faith, and you may say that ” — replied the Hostess — “ Your Reverence is a proper resurrection Doctor — ’tis well known, far and near — by women and childer, and”

“ Arrah, and will you be easy now, Catty ? ” — said her husband — “ and do

as his Reverence bids you, or by the Holy”

“ By the Powers!”—exclaimed the Priest, losing all patience, and raising his cane—“ I’ll make mince meat of every mother’s soul of you, if you don’t leave off talking, and get dry clothing for the dead corpse.”

The cabin being cleared of all, except the Hostess, and another female, they proceeded to obey the Doctor ;

who began the process of resuscitation.
—according to the established rules,
—before a large turf fire.

With pensive brow, and anxious mind, the Doctor sat, intently, gazing on the hand he held reposed upon his knee; while his anxious finger, clasped on its silent pulse.

The Doctor shook his head---the poor women continued to rub the patient---the scene was solemn!

At length, the Doctor's darkly scowling brow, assumed a milder expression--a dawn of hope brightened his countenance --- an unassumed eagerness relaxed his features.

“ He lives! He lives! He lives!” exclaimed the benevolent Priest---God, and the Blessed Virgin be praised!”

The pulsation soon became stronger; his heart beat---his bosom heaved---a gentle sigh proclaimed returning life :

it was succeeded by a lengthened gasp---and, presently, his languid eyes re-opened: the flowing warmth, once more, mildly, mantled o'er his pallid cheek.---

The Doctor, now, began to snap his finger and thumb, capering about the room, to the tune of an old Irish jig, which he sang with honest, unaffected, joy.

“ Did not I tell you,”---said Phelim, who heard the Doctor dancing and

singing---“ that his Reverence was the boy for raising the Dead---and by the same token long life, and good luck to him, and every mother’s child of the family.”

Returning to the pallet, the Doctor smiled upon his patient, who was, still too weak to speak.

“ Laudate, Dominum ! . . . said the Priest, crossing himself—and, now, for the whiskey keg---“ Don’t you see the poor creature wants a drop of comfort, to qualify the salt water on his stomach ?”

Catty Delany* and her companion

* A Celebrated *Italian* singer, has been recognized, in Ireland, by this name; we know not, if she be of the same family with *this* Catty Delany: but, we know, that she travelled, lately, in the *Commander in Chief's Coach and Six*, attended by her *Abigail* in a *Coach and Four*, to visit Mrs. P— a few miles from Dublin.

This distinction was paid to her *talents*; whereas, the Catty Delany, here introduced, never rode in a Coach, because her talents were confined to a goodness of heart, that extended to all suffering humanity—a *merit*, not known in the fashionable world!

were aroused, by this demand, from the wonderment excited, in their minds, by the miraculous operation: and having crossed themselves--in imitation of the Priest---they handed down the keg.

“ Seniores, Priores”---said the Doctor ----“ gustamus ante administra-
mus.”

So saying, he raised the keg to his lips, where it sojourned for a while: then, mixing a spoonful of the liquor, with an equal quantity of water, he

gently poured it down his patient's throat.

The powers of swallowing, gradually, resumed their tones; and, on a second application of the dose, the patient's senses began to be awakened.

The first use he made of his returning speech was, to inquire, with a wildness of emotion, where he was, and how he came there.

“ You're safe and sound, my jewel---

and God keep you so" --- said the Priest.---

" Merciful Heaven!" answered the stranger---" for what am I reserved?
My head is very weak; but I have a faint recollection of"

" Arrah, now, don't bother yourself, Honey, about recollecting any thing, at all, at all. You're safe, I tell you. You are in the land of Saints, among the true descendants of our Blessed St. Patrick and his wife Shelah.---

Compose yourself to rest, and you will hear about it another time---meanwhile you are in good hands: you may take my word for it, for I am Terence O'Mooney, Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor---Medicinæ Doctor---& Scholæ Magister. You shall be attended *secundum artem*--so the Lord be with you!"

•

The Doctor, now, took leave, attended to the door, by Catty Delany bobbing her courtesies to his Reverence; who halted, at the threshold, to repeat his directions.

•

“ And do you mind what I say, woman? Oh, by the Mass! if any harm comes to the *dead* man that I leave *alive* in your charge---if you do not tend him, and watch by him, and nurse him, and take care of him---I will, not only penance you, and all your family, to stand in a white sheet, for *three Sundays*, at the Church door; but I will make every Mother's skin of you stand there *every Sunday* for this fortnight to come.

END OF VOL. II.

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A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.


VOL. III.

A
WINTER IN DUBLIN:

A Descriptive Tale.

By **CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq.**

*Author of the Barouche Driver, Infidel Mother, Mask of
Fashion, &c. &c.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

THOSE PEOPLE, "like ancient Medals, are kept apart; and,
"passing but few hands, preserve the first sharpnesses which
"the fine hand of Nature has given them—they are not
"unpleasant to feel—but, in return, the legend is so visible;
"that, at the first look, you see whose image and superscrip-
"tion they bear." STERNE.

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1808.

A WINTER

IN

DUBLIN.

A courteous greeting having taken place between the parties, the Benevolent Priest related the little story of the shipwreck, concluding thus:

“ And so, hearing that your Honor had come down among us, I just made

bold to inform your Honor, of the accident—and may Heaven's blessing attend you, in *sæcula sæculorum*."

"I thank you, Doctor; my efforts shall not be wanting"—replied Mr. O'Connor—"to assist you in the office of humanity: but, how did you leave your patient?"

"Is it, how did I leave him, your Honor?—By my hopes of salvation, I left him quietly asleep, in the arms of

Somanus, and Catty Delany *waking* him."

" And, I hope, perfectly released from every symptom of danger?"

" Oh, your Honor, let Doctor Terrence O'Mooney alone for that—I'll engage he's as live as a salmon* —

* Alluding to the Salmon leaps in Ireland. At Ballyshannon there is a Salmon leap belonging to Mr. Conolly, which he rents at £2000 per

though I found him as dead as a herring, and as well pickled, by Madam Amphitrite, as if she had been brought up to the trade. . Indeed, and upon my

annum: to this river the Salmon come, in shoals; to spawn; and it is surprising to see them leap an eminence of upwards of sixty perpendicular feet.

At this season, boatmen go out to shoot them; and they sell, usually, at two-pence per pound.

When a fish misses its object the first time, it perseveres till it has attained it, or is so completely exhausted, that the people can haul it up, without resistance, into their boats.

conscience, that *Same* is as mischievous a little body in Olympus, as Lucifer's own Cousin German is on the Continent, with her confederates and allies, Mr. Nox, and Mr. Erebus, and Mr. Æolus, and the rest of the heathen Princes of Tartarus—the Styx—and the Elysian Fields."

The good Father had now got upon his hobby-horse, and there was only one way to stop him. Mr. O'Connor proposed they should adjourn to the pavillion, to take some refreshment;

after which, the General and himself accompanied the Reverend Father, in their carriage, to the hut of the honest-hearted Phelim Delany.

During their drive, the Priest amused them with the history of the wreck. I say, *amused*, because the account was so whimsically interlarded with tropes, and figures, and blunders, and crotchets, that it was not easy to resist laughing at the learned narrator's profound oratory.

A portmanteau, with every comfortable change, had been placed in the carriage for the accommodation of the shipwrecked stranger—and it was Mr. O'Connor's wish to prevail on him to become their guest, till he was perfectly recovered.

Entering the cabin, they found the stranger, seated by a famous turf-fire, wrapped in the fisherman's boat-cloak—his countenance, which had the appearance of being embrowned by foreign climates, still wore the pallid

traces of what he had undergone ; but the brilliant expression, of his full black eyes, animated his enfeebled features.

When he understood the humane purport of Mr. O'Connor's visit, his reply and manner, at once, proclaimed the man of polished fashion.

In addition to what we have related, it appeared from the stranger's account, that the powerful wave which overwhelmed their boat, had thrown him to so great a distance, that all hope

seemed fled—that, in this situation of despondency, he wished to resign himself to fate, but the instinctive impulse, with which nature urges us to struggle with the last gasp for life, taught him to buffet with the angry element..

That, shortly after, he had the good fortune to grasp an oar, which he supposed to have been washed out of the boat. . How long he supported himself he could not tell; but he endured, in his own mind, an eternity of agonizing suspense.

present, left his humane friends to attend Mr. O'Connor to the Pavillion.

During their ride, the Stranger gave his new friends a brief sketch of his travels; and his easy, elegant, manners, won considerably on his auditors.

The Ladies had waited dinner, much beyond the usual hour, anxiously expecting their invalid guest, and sweetly sympathizing in his misfortune.

At length, the party arrived: and

the Ladies beheld a tall, elegant; and highly fashioned Gentleman, apparently between thirty and forty, whose whole appearance was rendered inexpressibly interesting, by their knowledge of his late misfortune, and the consequent languor it communicated to his whole frame.

Mrs. Colville gazed—and trembled! a sort of shivering ran through her veins, and she stood in gasping expectation of she knew not what.

“ Give me leave, Ladies.”—said Mr. O’Connor—“ to recommend this Gentleman to your best protection. He is a traveller, and will repay your attentions with interest.”

“ Mrs. O’Connor!—Mr. Montagu
Burgoyne : Mrs. Col
.....”

A faint shriek, from the latter, interrupted the ceremonials—Mrs. Colville had fainted away.

“ Pray leave us ”—said Mrs. O’Connor—“ My sweet friend is, still, so weak, from her late indisposition, that this flurry, occasioned by the melancholy account of the shipwreck, has overpowered her sensibility—will you, my dear ”—turning to her husband—“ send Williams to us ? ”

Ellen, opening her eyes at these last words, waved her hand as a negative ; and declared it was nothing but a temporary dizziness, which would wear off, as rapidly as it had attacked her.

She; was; however, mistaken ; and, although she essayed to be cheerful, and to sit down to table, she found herself unequal to the effort—and was compelled to retire; but without any alarming symptoms.

To the Enthusiast, and to the Visionary, I would, for a few moments, particularly address myself.

“ How infinite is imagination !—It traverses the earth, the sea, the air, with a rapidity defying calculation,

and extends the limits of our existence
to an eternity!

“ Under the imposing influence of
the imagination, we picture to our
glowing fancy, in bold and vivid colors,
objects that we have never seen—and
retrace others that we shall see no
more.

“ It is creative!—it softens absence
—it inspires hope—it alleviates misery!

“ The doting parent, robbed of her

cherub boy, just as his infant lip had learnt to lisp the name of mother, aided by the magic of imagination, rescues her darling from the cold, senseless, tomb—he grows in beauty and in stature: she dwells, enraptured, on the progress of his studies: she beholds an accomplished youth

“ But, all the enjoyments, of this transitory world, are mere illusions !”

When Ellen Colville found herself

alone, in her chamber, she was assailed by a rapidity of reflection bordering on temporary madness—had she really seen her Cousin Montague?—*him* whom her tenderest thoughts had, so often, and so sweetly, contemplated?—driven, too, by FATE into her arms

.

Her arms?—was she not married?—the wife of General Colville?—

She sighed—an involuntary tear fol-

lowed—She *feared* it would be a breach of duty to love her Cousin—

In this situation, she was found by Mrs. O'Connor, who hurried from table to Ellen's dressing-room; and on the bosom of that kind friend, she disclosed the whole of her extraordinary passion.

Mrs. O'Connor was much affected at the confession; but asked her, "whether she might not have been misled by a similarity of names—there might"

—she said—“be more than one Montague Burgoyne in the world ”

“ Oh, no ! ”—replied she—“ I feel it *here* ” pressing her bosom :

“ I knew *him* the moment he entered the room, although I had never seen him before.

“ But ”—she continued ; rising with majesty, and her countenance glowing with more than mortal dignity—“ I shall know how to correct the delu-

sion of my heart—my friends shall never blush for me.”

“ That I will be sworn to”—replied her amiable and indulgent friend—
“ Sensibility is a dear, but dangerous attribute; although the proudest distinction of humanity: it ennobles our nature, when under the guidance of reason; and, in you, my lovely friend, will always be beautiful.”

“ You overpower me, dearest Mrs. O'Connor, with excess of goodness;

you even flatter my very foibles, and would reconcile me to glaring errors— Yet, I trust, they are transient: my heart has wept over the grave of Montague—it was wedded to his clay-cold form, 'ere I consented to become the wife of General Colville—my passion was fervent; but it was innocent—I could not foresee *what* has happened; but I will contend with my fate:—

“ I trust I have done my duty as a wife. ”

Then sighing---she repeated--"Heaven tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Your sensibility, my dear Ellen, may endanger your peace of mind; but never can sully your character. Your sentiments are so delicate--your virtue is so chaste--your mind so pure--that it is impossible it could associate with a guilty passion: with you, it will become a magnanimity--for what can be more magnanimous than to combat with the temptations of the heart; to triumph in secret, and men-

tally enjoy the applause of conscience. Virtue, my love, is an antidote to every evil, in life, and its consolations are both solid and delightful."

Thus cheered, our Heroine began to recover her spirits; when a tapping, at the door, announced a visitor.

"Come in"

It was the General—who, with the

most affectionate solicitude, enquired after Ellen's health.

“ I am growing childish, I believe,”
—she replied with a smile—“ for every
trifle makes me ridiculous: the *surprise*,
however, was sufficiently powerful to
have shaken stronger nerves than
mine.”

“ What surprise, my best love?”

“ Bless me!—I had quite forgotten,

my dear General, that my Cousin Montague was supposed to have been murdered, in Saint Domingo, previous to our marriage--But you may recollect to have heard, that my fortune was left me conditionally; and, that my hand was refused, by a relation, on whom that condition depended."

"And this is the cousin to whom you were to have been married, my dear--Is it not?"

“ The Cousin to whom my Uncle would have married me; but who refused my hand.”

“ Particularly ungallant ”—said the General, drily—

“ *Perhaps* so ” — retorted Ellen, piqued at his manner—“ but not less true.”

Both were, now, silent; and Mrs. O'Connor, perceiving that it would

require the aid of a third person to harmonise them, endeavoured to give the conversation a new turn : but the General continued pensive ; at times, musing---even to melancholy.

Now, indeed, it might be said, that our Heroine's fate was verging to a crisis, as she had, so lately, prophetically announced.

It is a melancholy fact, that when confidence is once weakened between man and wife---no matter why or

wherefore—their future domestic happiness is, for ever, marred. Nor will all the philosophy, in the world, prevail against this decision of nature.

The General had been jealous of Ponsonby ; but suffered his better judgment to believe that jealousy unfounded. He supposed himself satisfied ; yet the accidental meeting with a man—who had once been his wife's destined husband—blew the embers of that fatal passion into a blaze, and he misconstrued every thing he saw or heard.

In the evening, Ellen went down to tea ; when she found the General had, already, declared her relationship to Mr. Montague Burgoyne ; who arose to meet her, encreasing her embarrassment, by pressing her fair hand to his lips.

It was a natural act of gallantry ; yet disconcerted the whole party. The General knit his brow—Ellen looked confused—Mrs. O'Connor foresaw the impending ruin of her friend's happiness—and gaiety, for the evening, was banished from their circle.

Next morning, Phelim Delany came to the Pavilion, with a portable writing-desk which, he said, had been left in the Skipper's boat, since the night of the storm; and, that Father O'Mooney had told him the name of Montague Burgoyne was on the brass plate, and sent him with it.

“Our Hero,” whom we introduced at last, remembered having thrown this box into the boat; and he was delighted to recover it, as it contained many papers of consequence---among

others, a sketch of his adventures, which he had written on his passage, partly on his own account, and partly in case of his death, that the memoir, together with his will, sealed in the same envelope, might be delivered to his cousin Ellen Perceval.

Having broken the seal, and separated the papers, he presented the memoir to the General, requesting he would convey it to his wife. We transcribe it.

“MEMOIRS OF M^r. BURGÖYNE.”

“To pass over the uninteresting details of childhood, I commence this memoir at the period of my father's death..

“I was scarcely seventeen, and new at Oxford; but I had been taught by my dashing friends *there*, that Greek and Latin were obsolesces in every fashionable dictionary, and would subject me to universal ridicule. I had, therefore, studied horse-racing, farriery,

boxing, and drinking—was a constant frequenter of the New-Market meetings ; and sported, with no small degree of celebrity, on the turf.

“ Lord Frederick Elmour was my chum—my bosom friend—and my preceptor. Under his fashionable tuition, I learnt to neglect the payment of my tradesmen’s bills—entertained a *buona Roba*, at a neighbouring cottage, and obtained the reputation of a d——d fine fellow.

“ No sooner, however, was it known, that I had lost my father—who died in the West Indies—then I was besieged by the giddy and the profligate, who laughed me out of my solitude, ridiculed my affliction, and subverted all the better propensities of my nature, by the dread of being *hoaxed* by my fellow-collegians.

“ By the advice of Lord Frederick, I determined on fixing my future residence in London: he accompanied me to the gay metropolis.

My minority income was too slender for the indulgence of my own enthusiastic flights; but Lord Frederick soon removed my fears on that head. He introduced me to the clubs in St. James's Street, and recommended play, as an *infallible* road to fortune, and the indispensable object of a gentleman's pursuit.

“His Lordship, however, turned out to be a false prophet. At the end of a month, I found myself *minus* seven thousand pounds—what was to be done?

My allowance was only twelve hundred a year—but Lord Frederick was *my friend*, and rich in expedient. He presented me to a banker in P—P—who, he assured me, would take pleasure in offering me a *small loan*; meanwhile, my losses were a mere bagatelle—nothing among friends—as the winner, would, with pleasure, wait a week, or two, to accommodate me.

“ The bank, to which I had been recommended, was held at a superb mansion ; and the whole paraphernalia, of

the shop, bore *such evident* testimony of respectability, that a man much more scientific than myself, in the arts of the town, might have been satisfied with * appearances.

* The firm of this bank was arranged with great policy ; beginning with a *pseudo* baronet, who has as many names as a Castilian Don ; which names, by the ingenious application of commas, professed to belong to *many* persons ; and the junior party bore the name of one of the first banking houses in town.

The latter was a *harum scarum* sailor, who had plunged himself into pecuniary difficulties, and gladly jumped at an offer to become partner in a

“On presenting ourselves, at three o'clock, we were admitted to an inner room ; and, after waiting near an hour, Mr. Prince---the resident partner---issued from an adjoining apartment, with two young men of very fashionable ap-

BANK ; but the *benevolent* Mr. Prince did not suffer his kindness to end there.

He married the youth to a few thousands, which he *safely banked* ; and, shortly after, the deluded young man discovered the whole to be a *trick*, except the *wife*, who was a *reality* ; and, that, with the incumbrance, he was left to whistle for the fortune.

pearance, of whom he took a respectful leave ; and, then turning to me, with many apologies, excused himself for keeping us waiting, as well as on account of his inability, to devote an hour to my business that morning---he concluded, by pressing Lord Frederick and myself, to dinner, at seven o'clock.

“ I confess, I was not very much prepossessed in favor of my new acquaintance ; who, in spite of a certain speciousness of travelled manner, discovered much native grossièreté---but as F

wanted the money, and not the man, I did not suffer myself to dwell on so unimportant a subject.

“ At the dinner hour, we were preceded, through the spacious entrance-hall, by servants in rich liveries—the chairs bore coronets, and a superb grecian lamp illuminated the staircase.

“ Lady Londonderry—our hostess—was as little dignified as her husband; but her vulgarities were arrayed in the height of Parisian costume: two Ger-

man Barons—an Italian Countess—and the two gentlemen, I had seen with Mr. Prince in the morning, made up our party.

“The cookery and wines were foreign; and every thing was served in good style. About ten, the Ladies went to the Opera; and the Gentlemen, also rising to pursue their engagements, for the evening, Lord Fredrick and myself were left, alone, with Mr. Prince.

“ Having explained my immediate want of ten thousand pounds and my securities, Mr. Prince promised to procure me the loan, from a friend of his, a Russia Merchant, who usually had a large sum floating, and was a personage of the STRICTEST HONOR.

“ I have been thus particular in describing this visit, because it lulled me into a state of security, that afforded Mr. Prince, and his colleagues, every advantage, over me, they could well have wished.

“ In short, seduced by the fashion of play—goaded by a spirit to avenge my losses—and encouraged by the constant *friendly* assurances of Lord Frederick, that perseverance must, eventually, recover all—I pursued my fate, and was obliged to repeat the Russia Merchant’s loan, for an equal sum, four different times.

“ For the benefit of all young heirs, who, inconsiderately, involve themselves in difficulties—knowing money *may be* had—I recommend, to their particular

attention, the manner in which these loans, from a man of the STRICTEST HONOR, were made to me.

“ The Junta ---having first played with my feelings, and tormented me with delays--proposed, by *their Speaker*, that I should grant a bond, for fifteen thousand pounds, payable three days after. I was of age---ten thousand, of which, were to be paid down; subject to commission, interest, brokerage, accommodation fees, &c. &c.: and, for

the remaining five thousand, I was to be loaded with a cargo of furs, tallow, flax, pot ashes, sheeting, and leather!!!

“ What an appendage to the dressing room of a man of fashion!—

“ Still, I had no suspicion; but my ruin having, afterwards, made me more clear-sighted, I discovered---too late---the birth, parentage, education, and adventures, of Mr. Prince, to be briefly, as follow.

“ This worthy Gentleman commenced his early career, in the character of a “ *vender of hair rollers*,” in Saint Paul’s Church Yard: his next stage, was that of *necessary* man to a pettifogging attorney ; but *some trifling mistake*---either in an oath, probate to a will, or signature to a draft---caused him to leave off practice, *rather suddenly*, and make a trip to the Continent.

“ Here, the fertility of his genius became an object of *curiosity* with the

Inquisition, and he escaped an *Auto da fé* by miracle.

“ Behold him, now, playing the Marquis, at Venice, with a ribbon and star!

“ Lady Londonderry was, at the time, partaking the *pleasures* of the Carnival: a jolly widow—with as little beauty as character—possessing a jointure of six hundred a year.

“ The jointure captivated the needy

Marquis; the star prevailed with the ambitious Baroness; and, they were united: but ere the honey-moon was in its wane, my Lord Marquis was kicked out of a Cassino, by order of *his* Ambassador, and the deluded Baroness reduced to the *rank* of an adventurer's wife---who, from any thing she knew, to the contrary, might be either a JEW, or a Mahommedan.

“ Her Ladyship, however, was soon reconciled; and the new married couple returned to London, where they set up

for people of fashion, under the delusive auspices I have described.

“ Needy young men, of fashionable address, were mounted into curricles as persons of family and fortune, by Mr. Prince; while his Lady, *ingeniously*, contrived to introduce them to females ---unknown in the great world, but well known by Abraham Newland, and the tax-gatherers--with whom she negotiated fashionable matches: the *assist-*ing party receiving a *small* per centage.

from the bridegroom, on his marriage, as well as a refund of the expences of his original outfit.

“ Many are the scandalous subterfuges resorted to, to keep up appearances in London, not only by the butterflies of a season, but by persons, whose rank should be a preservative to their honor: and all these impositions, gradually, opened to my observation, as my knowledge of the town let me into the true characters of those by whom I was surrounded.

“ I had often wondered how my friend, Lord Frederick, was enabled to sport the most dashing equipage of any man about town, and to keep setts of horses, at half the livery stables west of Bond Street; till I discovered, that his Lordship, instead of driving his own cattle, drove that of the stable-keepers, from whom he received a certain premium for every set he puffed off, to an emulative greenhorn, or a would be whip.

“ This was the *dignified* pursuit:

of the younger son of a ducal family!

“ But, to me, it appeared still more extraordinary, that the “ *auri sacra fames* ” could convert the first among our nobles into a blackleg, on a sporting race-course; and, that peers *had* sold their wives, or bartered their daughters, in liquidation of their DEBTS OF HONOUR, to successful vagabonds!

“ I pursued, however, the career of folly; paying, as I went, for every

new *pleasure* I partook---till a crash at Newmarket, succeeded by a fatal run at the Faro table---at which I, desperately, determined either to rise or fall ---reduced me, at the age of twenty-six, from the revenue of a prince to the poverty of a mendicant.

“ I pass over the degrading pity I received, in this situation, from my former intimates---the mental anguish I endured--my deserved imprisonment! ---and hasten to Saint Domingo.

“ My appointment was that of Commissary, and my destination, Saint Marc.

“ Heavens! what a scene, for the contemplative mind, was produced by the revolution of this once blooming colony !

“ The mansion appointed for the residence of the Commandant, and the Commissariat, was a noble pile of stone, situated in the center of the Bay, which

represented a horse-shoe. It had been the former residence of Monsieur de Saint Macary, a merchant and factor: this princely dwelling contained a spacious saloon, wherein he had been accustomed to lay sixty covers, every day, for the entertainment of the planters coming into town; and the square court yard, at the back of the building, was surrounded with numerous sleeping apartments, stabling, and coach-houses, for their further accommodation.

Of all his former wealth, this house, alone, remained: he occupied a small back apartment, and devoted his little revenue to the support of his family.

“ Here, I have listened to the tale of the widow and the orphan--and mingled the tear, of sympathy, with that of woe, in contemplating the noble ruin before me !

“ Here, I have administered the daily rations, of our benevolent government, to a family previously ac-

customed to the luxuries of fifty or sixty thousand louis per annum !

“ Here, I have met woe-worn females, whose husbands had been, brutally, quartered before their eyes; and husbands, whose young, beautiful, and virtuous wives, had fallen into the power of the brigands, to groan under the ignominy of a variety of pollution !

“ The habitual melancholy of my mind adapted me, as it were, to compassionate these unhappy sufferers

they were, like myself, outcasts from a proud world — and I made some friendships, in the country, that will be dear, to me, to the latest hour of my existence.

“ I resided eighteen months in the garrison ; yet feel myself at a loss to describe the ever varying scene.

“ On my arrival, a detachment of the 96th regiment, was landed ; consisting, nearly, of three hundred men ; but a little month had scarcely passed,

'ere the whole fell victims to the climate, excepting Major B—— and his servant—the former, of whom, was, shortly after, appointed to command the garrison; in which arduous situation, he endeared himself to all around him—he is one of the most amiable of men.

“ Our principal force consisted in a regiment of black volunteers, commanded by Colonel Dessources, a young Creole, full of native ardor, uncontaminated by Courts : he was of the

most tried fidelity and distinguished bravery; and, to this corps, we were, solely, indebted for our tenure in that part of the island.

“ The town was slightly fortified, and our possession limited to the fossé that skirted our works: Yet—such is the national character of the French—amidst all their sufferings, and continual alarms, they danced, and sang, as if reposing in the very bosom of felicity.

“ Often have we quitted the cotillion, abruptly, to gallop to an out-post, on a firing from the alarm guns; when the ladies would, calmly, await our return to renew the dance, and devote the remainder of the night to merri-
ment.

“ Such was the effect of habits, arising from the practice of the enemy to annoy our garrison, by sending small detachments to fire on the outposts at night; till, like the fable of the boy

and the wolf—alarms were heard without terror.

“ Many were the nights that I have passed in my cloaths, with my pistols and sabre at my side, and my horse ready saddled at the door, to fly to the alarm-post, or to escape assassination from *white* traitors in the town.

“ At one time, we were besieged—
at another bombarded: now, roused by
the enemy without—now called upon:

to detect and punish the enemy within .
wretches, who, often stung the bosom
that had warmed them into renewed
existence.

“ Yet, amid all these dangers, the
Commandant and his party---of which
I was always one---took their early
morning's ride through the hostile coun-
try---sometimes encountering, bodies
hanging, in clusters, from the boughs
of trees ; at other times, descrying hu-
man carcasses, still reeking, in the ad-
jacent hedge : for, in this revolutionary

warfare, quarter was unknown; white man glutted upon white man--negro upon negro---conquer, or die, was the only alternative.

“It was a truly melancholy sight to behold the vast ruin of this once fertile country---so lately a mine of wealth, and now a desert: for it was the invariable practice of the Brigands to burn and destroy every estate they passed through. Indeed, on many occasions, we have galloped over the still burning ruins, saluted, *en passant*, by a few

random shot, from the stragglers of the departed army.

“When I consider the bloodshed, and treasure, our nominal possession of this country has cost us, I am at a loss whether, to admire the characteristic humanity which led the British arms to hasten in protection of this suffering colony; or, to revile the puerile policy, of Ministers, in supposing it possible with a comparative handful of men, sent every now and then to slaughter, to contend, with success, against a fero-

cious people, and their still more destructive climate.

And, independently of its being a national evil, it has proved a commercial calamity. Many are the hardy adventurers, who speculate on our *momentary* possession of any newly subdued colony—and smart for their temerity. St. Domingo has offered peculiar attraction to these high-spirited Gentlemen; among others, the house of M—— has sent out a small fleet, with

colonial stores, in aid of the distressed planter; and Mr. D——, their agent, holds a public levee, every morning at Port-au-Prince; when the Planter has only to point to his estate, on the map of the island, and an immediate advance is made him in money.

“ It is easy to conceive the advantages Mr. M——’s house has proposed, by their loans, as the consignments of these estates, *when fully within the British power, by the annihili-*

*lation of the Brigands, would produce
a princely * revenue.*

But, I am perfectly convinced, that it is not the intention of the chiefs of this country to own allegiance to any other, although they do not, as yet, declare their independence. Ministers,

* I lament to add, that Mr. M——, who was one of the most opulent, as well as one of the most respectable, merchants on the Change of London, put an end to his existence, on the failure of his speculation, in consequence of the evacuation of the colony.

from France, are suffered to have a residence here, but their's is a mockery of power; Toussaint dictates—and they accede.

“Of this celebrated character, I shall say a few words.

“In his person, he' bears all the stronger features of the negro, and is extremely black. Originally, a * cattleman on his master's estate, wholly un-

* A waggon---The teams, in the West Indies, are of oxen: hence the name, “*Cattleman*.”

cultivated by education, but possessing strong natural powers; the most active and successful, of which, are craft, subtlety, and hypocrisy.

“His elevation to power was rapid, and he maintains it firmly. He is surrounded by white officers of talent; but his army, for the most part, are ill clothed, and ill fed—depending, chiefly, on plunder for their support. He attacks with undaunted bravery, but is easily repulsed by the bayonet; and the line once broken, his troops fly in

all directions. Ambuscade is their favourite mode of operation.

“ He is our very near neighbour, and often annoy us with false attacks; but since the days of Colonel * Brisbane, who commanded here, originally,

* I knew Colonel Brisbane—the son of Admiral Brisbane—personally and intimately: he was of the most polished manners, and finished education. When he took the command of this garrison, he had seen little of a military life; but his intuitive genius, and persevering ardor, overcame the mountain of difficulties, with which he had to contend within, and without, the

and who lost his life in opposing the passage of Toussaint, across the Artibonite, he is more a troublesome than a dreaded neighbour

town---then, not in the least fortified, excepting towards the sea.

He was the terror of the Brigands when living; and so powerful was the awe with which they had been accustomed to consider him, that when he was killed, and our army returned to Saint Marc, the enemy, instead of pursuing his advantage, retreated back into the country. His memory is revered by every colonial Frenchman who ever heard it.

A brother of the Colonel's having, shortly after, greatly distinguished himself, it was remarked, in

“ Thus much, preparatory to my more intimate acquaintance with him.

“ I cannot omit this occasion to do justice to the very honorable character of Mr. B—the Agent General at Port-au-prince; and Mr. R—the Receiver General at Saint Marc; but, of our Popinjays who strut their hour in all the dig-

the public prints of the day, that among the many heroes who were an honor to their country, none had more distinguished themselves, than “THE FAMILY OF THE BRISBANES.”

nity of office—moving caricatures of arrogance and ignorance—I am silent,

“Of the Governor General, Sir Adam Williamson, I am at a loss how to speak; and, perhaps, I cannot do better, than apply the following quotation to his memory.

“*He was a man—take him for all, in all, I shall not look upon his like again.*”

“I had now obtained my leave of absence, and took my passage on board

an armed schooner, bound to the Môle Saint Nicolas ; at which port, the Jamaica homeward bound packet always stops for Government dispatches ; but 'ere we could weather the point of the harbour, three brigand-boats came out, from in-shore, and attacked us.

“ We carried twelve six-pounders, and two carronades, and had thirty-eight hands on board, besides eleven passengers—all well disposed to make a resolute resistance ; but the enemy's force consisted in flat-bottomed wher-

ries, each carrying, from one hundred, to one hundred and fifty, men, with a four-and-twenty pounder in the prow. Resistance, therefore, was in vain; they boarded, sword in hand, after killing several of our ship's company at long shot, and carried us into the Gonaives.

“About seven o'clock, on the following evening, we anchored in the port of Gonaives; and were, soon after, landed under a strong escort of black troops, dressed in dark green jackets, round hats with tri-color cockades, and:

long military feathers; their shirts open at the neck: neither shoes nor stockings.

“ We were conducted to the guard-house, where we were detained till twelve at night, waiting for the arrival of the Adjudant de la place; who came at length, and, in as many words, ordered us to the cachot.

“ I have already described our number to have been forty-nine—of which twenty-eight survived the engagement

—and we were driven, like a flock of sheep about to be penned, to a damp dungeon, partly underground, and already occupied by more tenants than it was ever intended to accommodate.

“ On the door being opened, we were saluted by the shrieks of those confined, who declared themselves dying for want of air: they begged, most piteously, to have their numbers thinned —their complaints, however, only provoked the mockery of our guard, and

we were forced among them at the end of the bayonet.

“ I know not, by what miracle, it happened, but I attribute the preservation of my life, after this night of unutterable suffering, to the accidental circumstance of my finding myself, on the closure of the door, immediately opposite to a grilled opening of about two yards square; and feeling, instantly, the advantages of my post, I grasped the bars; by which means I maintained.

my situation, notwithstanding the efforts of those around to dislodge me, that they might inhale the air.

“ The place of our confinement— as I afterwards discovered--was a square of about fifteen feet, and something less than seven feet in height, the only aperture, to which, was the grating on which I had seized, and the number of my companions, in distress, no less than one hundred and thirteen.

“ Language is infinitely too feeble to .

pourtray the horrors of this night : the piercing shrieks of despair from the living, burning with an excruciating thirst : the groans of those who were on the point of ending their sufferings : the pressure of the dead bodies—on every side—too well jammed in to fall to the ground : the putrescency of the air, steamed with the almost exhausted moisture of the bodies of the survivors—combined to give terrors, to this night of indescribable agonies, which to be known—must have been endured.

“ About four in the morning, at the relief of our guard, the Corporal, humanized by our groans and cries for water, gave orders that it should be brought to us. He had not, however, the means of opening our prison door, so that we were constrained to receive it, through the iron bars, in my hat, which I had pushed through for the purpose.

“ The avidity with which the poor wretches scrambled for this water, and

the want of prudence with which they swallowed it, increased their suffering.

“ Hitherto, I had not experienced any very extraordinary drought; but when the water appeared, my anxiety to drink was unconquerable. The Corporal continued to supply our wants, but, I believe, his consternation was not less than ours, when he found, that so far from having relieved our distress, by this act of humanity, he had, considerably, augmented it.

“The cry for water, now, greatly exceeded the original demand ; and the scramble was become so frenzied, that my hat was seized 'ere it could be half received through the bars, so that the greater part, if not the whole, of the water, was lost in the struggle.

At length, the crowd toward the window became insupportable. Urged by despair, my surviving companions, with one accord, seemed to have collected all their remaining force; but

being unable to break through the intervening ranks, before the window, they devised the plan of mounting on the backs of those who stood before them, whom they soon brought to the ground, and thus approached, step by step, over the dead bodies, to the window.

“The eloquence of despair is inconceivable!—confusion increased its horrors!—the Corporal ceased to hand us water, and went away.

“ Great God! what were my sufferings! I was dovetailed, as it were, to the spot I occupied. My right hand had been driven from its gripe, and nothing less than the grasp of madness could have maintained my hold with the left. Three or four persons, successively, mounted on my back, where they remained till exhausted nature dropped them, like surfeited leeches, from their occupancy.

“ Thus oppressed, and melting with

perspiration, it occurred to me that I might, greatly, alleviate my sufferings, by suction from the sleeves and bosom of my shirt—for I had fortunately thrown off my coat on entering the dungeon—the relief was infinite; but my companions perceiving the stragem I had adopted, seized on my treasure to the right and left. I then forced out my tongue to catch the big drops as they fell from my forehead—never had I experienced such a luxury!

“ At about five o'clock in the morn-

ing, owing, I believe, to the representations of the Corporal, who had before assisted us, an order came for our release. The desire of regaining the open air, was so imperious, that many of my half-dead companions crawled into the yard, and perished almost instantly.

“ This spectacle, which I witnessed from my grated window, made me more careful. I continued, sometime, in the dungeon, after the others had left it, till the putrescency of the dead bodies.

forced me away. But, previous to my quitting this scene of horror, I stripped one of my dead companions of a large redingote ; to which precaution, I believe, I was indebted for the ultimate preservation of my life.

“ Of the one hundred and thirteen which had been been confined, only seventeen survived. We were ordered to the guard-house about nine, and one was the hour appointed for our execution.

“ So far from being dismayed at this sentence, I received it with a smile of welcome. I had suffered so much during the preceding night, and nature was so exhausted within me, that I should have hailed, with rapture, a more immediate release from misery.

“ Refreshments, however, were brought to us, and I drank a little sour wine—the bread I could not touch—my stomach loathed food—and instead of finding myself relieved by the wine,

a nausea of the whole system followed. I bled, copiously, at the nose and ears, and, finally, fainted away in a corner of the guard-room.

“ When I recovered, I found myself in a handsome bed, with the appearance of every comfort around me. What I saw, and the recollection of what I had undergone, clashed with the returning powers of my re-animated senses, and I felt unable to form any rational conclusion.

“ I, however, afterwards learnt, that as soon as it was properly understood, that an English officer was among the prisoners, orders had been given for my reprieve—the remaining sixteen were executed.

“ By the peculiar blessing of Providence, it happened, that the white wife of one of the black *Maréchaussée* officers, chanced to hear my name, with the addition of my having been Commissary at St. Marc, to which accidental discovery I was, once more,

indebted for the continued preservation of my existence.

“This Lady was about two and twenty; had been educated in France, and was, I understood, equally lovely and accomplished. She had been three years married to the Collector of the port of Jacmel, a brave and vigilant officer, who had particularly distinguished himself in opposing the Brigands, from their earliest insurrection.

“At length, a banditti formed in

the town, surrounded his house in the middle of the night, and bore himself, his wife, and their two infant children to the enemy's advanced camp, near the suburbs. The husband and the wife were stripped naked, and bound together: and when the flinty pebbles made them halt, on their excruciating march, they were goaded forward with the points of bayonets. The procession was headed by two pikemen, bearing the bodies of the children, spitted on their spears.

“ Arriving at their destination, the wretched husband was fastened to a stake, by a chain that circled his middle. His tongue, nose, ears, and privities were, then, cut off and presented, with mock ceremony, to his wife. His body was, afterwards, quartered and laid at her feet. Nature was unable to support the conflict, and the wretched woman fell senseless to the ground.

“ Recovering, towards morning, she

found herself unguarded; and, by listening, discovered all the camp was hushed in silence. She was not bound—most probably from a supposition that she was dead: and terror inspired her with courage to attempt her escape.

“The pikes, with the bodies of her two murdered infants, had been planted in the ground by her side. She, frantically, seized one, which she, easily, tore up; then ran, with all possible speed, towards the sea-side, which was not far distant—disengaging, in her

flight, the corpse from the spear; clasp-
ing it beneath one arm, while she, ferociously, determined to resist, with the other, any attempt to impede her progress.

“She reached the shore, and found a small fishing canoe, but without paddles. She, instantly, committed herself and her dead infant to the little bark, and put out to sea—paddling with her spear.

“In this situation, she was, for two days, exposed to the mercy of the elements ; which were, however, serene ; but with no other prospect than death, being in want of common sustenance.

“She had resolved to die ; and, fondling her dear little companion to her bosom, she extended herself the length of the canoe, patiently and piously awaiting her dissolution.

Towards the close of the second day, however, the canoe was descried

by a row-boat; and the people, on board, thinking it adrift, made up to take it in tow.

“Nature had exerted herself to the utmost—female heroism could do no more!

“This wretched Lady became the *compelled* wife of her deliverer; who, afterwards, was appointed Captain of the Maréchaussée at Gonaives--She was, I found, sister to a Lady, at Saint Marc, for whom I entertained the most re-

spectful friendship, and to whom I had been, fortunately, enabled to render some trifling services.

“And thus was I rewarded!—but my humane and generous protectress never suffered me to see her. I was supplied with money, and allowed to go a few miles into the country, for the recovery of my health, which was cruelly shattered.

“Here, I past some months: the rainy seasons set in, and, in aggrava-

tion to my former weakness, I was seized with a tertian fever and ague, which reduced me to a perfect skeleton.

“All this time, I wanted nothing that the most attentive friendship and benevolence could bestow on me ; and, when I had, in some degree, recovered my strength, a cartel was appointed, expressly, to take me down to Jamaica.

“On the day appointed for my sailing, I was summoned into the presence of General Fousaint, who was

dressed in a blue uniform, very richly laced, and attended by a great number of officers, many of whom were white. He received me very graciously, telling me, he deplored the circumstance which had occasioned me so much illness—that an Englishman was a brave enemy, and, by the policy of nations, the natural enemy of France, consequently entitled to all the honorable distinctions due to the fortune of war.

“But,”—added he, “when Frenchmen arm against Frenchmen—it is a

traitor's cause, and must be punished with death."

He, then, nodded his leave for my departure, and I was attended, on board, by a file of men who shewed me great respect.

" Arriving at Port-Royal, in Jamaica, I found I had unfortunately lost the packet by two days; but as my health was still very precarious, I thought I could not quit the West Indies too precipitately—I, therefore,

took my passage on board a Bristol running ship, that sailed in course of the week.

“Our voyage has, hitherto, been prosperous; my health is greatly re-established; and, in ten days, we hope to make our port.

“If we never meet again, my amiable cousin, accept this last testimonial of my remembrance, with the little independence I have acquired. The distressed scenes I have witnessed in Saint Domingo, have greatly weaned me

from the misanthropy, with which I landed in that ill-fated country—but this softened sentiment extends, alone, to the unfortunate—the great world I would shun, as I would a raging pestilence.

“Beware, beautiful Ellen, how you dispose of your hand—It is not always the most accomplished exterior that ornaments the most virtuous principles. Fashionable life is a whirlpool, and its votaries malignant sprites, who, under smiles of welcome, lure the unwary to their ruin.

“May God, in his infinite mercy,
for ever bless you !

M: BURGoyNE.”

At Sea—

March 27th, 1799.

[“ It remains for me to state, that the vessel was driven, by stress of weather, off the Irish coast, and made the port of Cork ; from whence our Hero, *unconscious of a motive* for the step, determined on visiting Ireland. The result we know.”]

Over this unembellished narrative, our Heroine shed many a tear : and, in spite of her most virtuous resolves,

she *felt* an interest she could not conceal from herself, towards the amiable object of her tenderest sympathy.

With Montague, the first glance of his cousin was decisive ! and the more he attempted to argue against the romantic perplexities of love, at first sight, the more he entangled his feelings in a labyrinth of indefinable, but imperious, emotions ; which, at the end of a few sleepless nights, satisfied him, beyond a doubt, that he was in love—heart and soul—with a married woman.

Then, recollection flew back to the offer Ellen *had* made to him of her hand—not spontaneously, it was true—but did it, therefore, argue that her inclinations might not have been taught to approve her ready obedience to the last will of her uncle?

It was a question calculated to puzzle a casuist; but with a lover it was "*huc clarrius*"—she would have loved with an ardour equal to his own—he might have been the most enviable of

man kind—had he not, madly, rejected his own happiness.

And, lest argument should be wanting to establish a fact—already incontrovertible—he proved, beyond all doubt, —to himself— that fate had predetermined their loves, and that all mortal resistance would, henceforth, be fruitless.

With this conviction, he suffered his frenzied mind to indulge the most visionary prospect, without, however,

forming a single wish derogatory to the honor of her whom he adored.

A constrained politeness, therefore, painfully marked the mutual attentions of Montague and Ellen; while the General, self-devoting himself to the most excruciating pangs of renewed jealousy, gazed on the objects of his suspicion with such mental anguish, as we may suppose to have tormented Satan, when enviously contemplating the pure affection of our first parents in Paradise.

Meanwhile Montague, having received remittances from his agent in London, was compelled to feel the necessity of his almost immediate departure from his hospitable friends; he, therefore, in proposing a visit, with the gentlemen, to the humble dwelling of the philanthropic Fisherman, took occasion to declare his intention to sail for England on the following Monday.

But Mrs. O'Connor, having communicated with her husband, on the evident misery to which their friend, the

General, was a self-devoted martyr; it was their opinion, that although the departure of Mr. Burgoyne would release the unhappy husband from any apprehensions he might attach to his presence, yet it would not eradicate the disease.

With this view—benevolent if not political—they resolved to protract the visit of their restored guest, who had considerably engaged their esteem, with a view that the strictly correct behaviour of the Cousins to each other

might, by its striking example, satisfy the General that all his apprehensions were unfounded—They, therefore, persisted, in the true spirit of Irish hospitality, to detain their *willing* prisoner.

By way of variety, the Ladies joined in the party to Phelim Delany's, and drove thither, on a low jaunting car; along the sands.

On their arrival at the Cabin, they found Catty and her five children at dinner. They all arose, from their

humble meal, to give the grand Gentry welcome; and, notwithstanding the pressing solicitations of the party to the contrary, they were not to be prevailed upon to conclude their dinner—"They hoped they knew better."

The family was seated on low stools round one much higher, which served them for a table; on which, an immense bowl of potatoes smoked, garnished, in the middle, with fish, that had been dried in the sun. . . ;

The cabin, was of mud, after the fashion of the country, but of a superior order—consisting of a lofty unceiled apartment, cleanly whitewashed; the dormitory was partitioned off, and the chimney-piece—a great rarity—displayed the treasures of their household. The roof was well secured against the weather, having a layer of *scraws

* According to Dr. Johnson, “a flaying off the green surface of the ground, to cover their cabins”—many of which have no other outward roofing.

between the skeleton and the thatch, which is an expensive, but efficacious, mode of keeping the hut dry.

An out-house where they entertained two *Murphy's*, and a little garden, completed their establishment.

The Priest, as we understood from Catty, was gone to a wedding at the extremity of his parish, and Phelim was out in his fishing boat.

Here, it may not be amiss to describe

the ceremonials of a wedding, after the manner of Bell, “on the ancient Irish peasantry.”

“There was a strange peculiarity in the manner of the Irish, that, on occasions of great joy and merriment, indulged itself in grief and melancholy; and, under circumstances of mourning and sorrow, drove them, headlong, into the most extravagant mirth.

“At a wedding feast, they felt un-

common pleasure in singing and listening to the most plaintive ditties ; and, if they had drank any quantity of whiskey, they would whine and weep at the relation of some woeful story. But, on the death of a neighbour and friend—although they went for the avowed purpose of weeping over the dead body—yet, in the very room where it was laid out, they would spend the night in performing all kinds of sports, and gambols, that were calculated to excite laughter.

“ Those peasants, who could afford the expense, used to give a feast to all their relations and neighbours, when any female belonging to their family married. The dinner, which was the only meal on this occasion, generally consisted of mutton, salt pork, bacon, and poultry; with an abundance of potatoes, and common garden vegetables. All these articles were supplied from the stock of the person who furnished the entertainment: but sometimes the relations of the parties would,

each, contribute a share towards the wedding feast.

“ No part of the fare was purchased by money, except the whiskey, or beer—the latter was not, always, to be procured.

“ The chief person, at the entertainment, was the Parish Priest. The next, in pre-eminence, the 'Squire; but it was not every country gentleman who could attain the honor of being present at a

wedding feast: for if he had not resided long in the neighbourhood—if he had not, by a gentle and familiar deportment (but, above all, by conversing with the peasants in the Irish language), commanded their esteem, and conciliated their affection, he would not have been invited.

“ Next, in precedency, was the Musician, without whom the entertainment would have been incomplete. He was, generally, a performer on the bag-pipes;

and the host was, often, obliged to send for one to the distance of twenty or thirty miles.

“ Doors taken off their hinges, and laid across benches, constituted a dinner table, of which, no part was covered with a cloth, except the head, where the Priest sat as president, a lord, over all the guests, and had the most delicate of the viands placed before him: the others sat in order, according to their rank, which was estimated by the considera-

tion of their property, their age, and their reputation.

“ The meat was, usually, cut into pieces about the size of brick-bats, and placed along the table in large wooden platters, out of which the guests helped themselves, often, without the aid of knives and forks: for the few instruments, of this kind, which could be procured, were appropriated to the service of the Priest, and the select party whom he chose to honor with his conversation.

“ The host and hostess, instead of sitting down to dinner, waited upon the company, and pressed them to eat with an earnestness and familiarity, that would have been highly disgusting to persons of more refined manners. The marriage ceremony was, usually, performed before dinner; and, on this occasion, it was, sometimes necessary to force the timorous bride from the place where she had concealed herself, on the first approach of the company, who, amused themselves, the remainder of

the day, in dancing, singing, and drinking.

“ The Priest retired about eight, or nine, o'clock: and if great care was not taken after that hour, to prevent the distribution of liquor, the night would have ended in intoxication, riot, quarrelling, and bloodshed.

“ In the course of a week, or a fortnight, the bridegroom took his wife home to his own habitation—the por-

tion he received with her, consisted, chiefly, in cattle.

“ In places where English laws, and English manners, were unknown, the married women were, always, called by their maiden names.”

The bag-pipe, mentioned in the above account, as being so essential to a wedding feast, is, and always has been, a favorite instrument with the lower order of Irish; but as a national instrument,

it yields, in point of consequence, to the harp—although the latter has lost its prevalence since the days of Elizabeth; which Princess was so jealous of the influence of the Bards, that she caused acts of Parliament to be passed, not only against them, but against all who entertained them. Still, however, itinerant harpers traverse the country, from one extremity to another, subsisting on the liberal alms they receive.

A taste for music is intuitive in Ire-

land—probably from the early introduction of Bards into that country; but the science was not long confined to their order. Virgins soon learnt to touch the harp, and compose extempore verses, in honor of their lovers, when absent in the field of battle—and this, long before any of the useful arts were known among females—till, at length, it became as necessary an accomplishment, in those days, to sweep the harp with expression and melody, as, at the present day, to rival Parisot

in the voluptuous attitudes of the shawl
pas seul.

After the invasion of the English, the Irish music assumed a new character—the sprightly notes in Phrygian measure, yielded to the soft cadence of the Lydian: for the bards deplored, with true patriotic sensibility and affliction, the reduction of their kingdom. Thus, sinking beneath the weight of sympathetic sorrow, their Muse became melancholy; and their strains were, consequently, plaintive.

Originally, the Bards attended at funerals of persons of distinction, when they sang a Requiem, assisted by minstrels, who, occasionally, chaunted a chorus—now, these rights are, mostly, performed by *mercenary female mourners, particularly in Munster and Connaught.

When a person of distinction dies, a certain number of female mourners attend the funeral, dressed—sometimes in

* Vide Walker's Historical Memoirs.

white, and sometimes in black—singing, as they slowly proceed after the hearse, extempore odes; in which they extol, in fulsome panegyric, every private and public virtue of the deceased; and earnestly expostulate, with the cold corpse, for relinquishing the many blessings the world affords.

Among the modern Bards, the most remarkable is Cormac Dall—or Blind Cormac—he was born near Ballindangan, in the County of Mayo, in

1703; and lost his sight, the first year, in the small-pox.

His knowledge of the harp was trifling, and that knowledge neglected: his more favored study was poetry, to which he gave his attention, so enthusiastically, that he could recite all the legendary tales of his country—many originating in the ancient Druids—so that, as he grew to manhood, he became, at once, entertaining and instructive: he was not only a welcome guest

at country fairs or wakes, but a personage much sought after at the hospitable halls of country 'Squires.

Naturally endowed with a sweet voice, and a good ear, his narrations might be styled the very soul of melody—but, in the national airs of the celebrated Carolan, or in Oisins famed hunting song, he enraptured his audience.

His memory being remarkably retentive, he was a great retailer of anecd-

dotes, one of which, respecting the justly celebrated song of "*Eibhlin a Ruin*," cannot be fatiguing to the reader.

"Carrol O'Daly—brother to Donough-more O'Daly, a man of much consequence, then in Connaught—about two centuries ago, paid his addresses to Miss Eliza Kavanagh.

"The Lady received him favorably; and, at length, promised him her hand: but the match, for some reason now for-

gotten, was broken off, and another gentleman chosen to be the husband of the fair Elinor.

“ Of this, Carroll, still the fond lover, received intimation; upon which, disguised as a *Jugleur* — or Jugler---he hastened to her father's house, which he found filled with guests, who had been invited to the wedding.

“ Having amused the company, awhile, with some tricks of legerdemain, he took up his harp, and played and

sang the *Eibhlin a Ruin*, which he had composed for the occasion.

“ This, and a private signal, discovered him to his mistress. The flame which he had lighted in her breast, and which her friends had, in vain, endeavoured to smother, now glowed afresh, and she determined to reward so faithful a lover.

“ To do this, but one method now remained, and that was an immediate elopement. This she effected, by con-

triving to inebriate her father and all his guests."

Though extremely old, and his utterance much impaired by the loss of his teeth, Cormac continues to wander about the country, led by one of his grandsons; and receives money, diet, and clothing, from the respective gentry on whom he calls.

His dress is always decent---and he does not appear solicitous to be rich beyond the comforts of life. In moral

character, he is unimpeachable ; and, in person large and muscular.

We return to Catty Delany's cabin ; at which, our party passed a short half hour. The object of Montague's visit had been---not to remunerate, for that was impossible---but to encourage benevolence, by enriching its comforts. Catty and her barefooted family were very voluble in their expressions of gratitude ; with which, indeed, they loudly continued to follow the carriage till it had rolled beyond hearing---

For the Reverend Doctor, the good Father O'Mooney, he left a letter, expressive of his warmest thanks, with a handsome enclosure.

Although the manner and munificence, with which our hero treated this subject, as well as the refinement he displayed on all others, seemed to *claim* the respect and esteem of his friends---the General evinced, more and more, decided symptoms of moroseness, in proportion as the merit of his ideal rival appeared to *compel* his friendship.

Ellen, with a heart full of anguish, yet beating with every honorable feeling, found the severity of her destiny encrease with the coming day; but, from the coming day, the mild and sterling virtues of her heart, acquired new stability.

What an agonizing situation for a young and beautiful female!

Still, obedient to her character, instead of resenting the ill humor of her husband, by any return of pettishness,

she devoted herself to the task of keeping alive, by every artifice in her power, that portion of her esteem, which his conduct hourly endeavoured to extinguish.

Suspicion is the cowardly inmate of a contracted mind ; and, when cherished in the married state, must, eventually, destroy the affections, which can only be excited and nourished by mutual confidence.

It is, of all others, an emotion, by

which the virtuous mind feels most degraded, and too frequently realizes the ruin of which it was merely the distempered vision.

It might have been difficult, long, to have supported this contest with dignity; which, more and more agitated the bosom of the devoted Ellen, had not her sorrows found the sweetest soothings, and her virtuous struggles the warmest approbation, in the affectionate support of her amiable friend.

Yet feeling—how could she persuade herself, that she did not feel!—or suffering, how could she silence the emotions of her heart!

But there are evils, in this world, which no human foresight can teach us to avert—or purity of intention enable us to escape: the trial, alone, depends on self: by our own conduct we must rise or fall.

“Great Governor of Nature!”—said

I to myself—"wherever thy Providence shall place me, for the trials of my virtue—whatever is my danger—whatever is my situation—let me feel the movements which rise out of it, and which belong to me as a man—and if I govern them as a good one—I trust the issues to Thy Justice, for Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves.!"

I do not aver, that our Heroine was a philosopher, in the school of the sentimental Yorick ; but I believe she con-

fessed, to herself, the truth of the above aphorism; and, although she could not silence the emotions of her heart, she relied, confidently, on the rectitude of her conduct.

Frequent parties enlivened the family at the Pavilion, as the summer approached; yet, notwithstanding the General was pleased with his bottle and his boon companion, his pleasantries evaporated with the departure of the company; and a sullen melancholy,

was the rude society he exchanged with his friends.

At length Montague—whose affection had grown into a disease, that preyed upon his very vitals—resolved to tear himself, for ever, from the innocent occasion of his misery: and, having understood, from Mr. O'Connor, that there was an island, six or seven miles off the north coast of Antrim, opposite to Ballycastle Bay, he resolved to exile himself, thither, for the remainder of his days.

Having consulted Father O'Mooney, on the subject, he found him perfectly conversant with the history of the island —which is called RAGHERY—and thus described :

The island of Raghery was, formerly, a part of the main land; but has been separated by some extraordinary convulsion of nature. It is between four and five miles in length, and about three quarters of a mile in breadth. It is well cultivated, and produces excellent barley : the inhabitants,

of which there are about one thousand, are a simple, laborious, honest race of people, so attached to their island, that, generally speaking, no advantages could bribe them to emigrate. Indeed, so confined is their knowledge, that they speak of Ireland, as a foreign kingdom; and have scarcely any intercourse with it.

" Their laws are as simple as their habits: a cow, or a horse, is seized for a day or two, to convince the defaulter he is cognizable to a superior

power, and then released. A drench of salt water is another punishment for petty offences; but when the culprit is hardened, the ne plus ultra of disgrace is banishment to Ireland.

“ In a * spot, thus sequestered, it

* The Reverend William Hamilton (who describes this island, in letters, written on the northern coast of the county of Antrim) contends, that the round towers of Ireland—the subterraneous gallery, lately discovered under ground at Ballycastle—and the various gems, instruments of, peace and war, curious and costly ornaments,

would be natural to expect bigotry and superstition in full growth: but the simplicity of these Islanders does not foster any uncharitable tenets: they display their good will towards the established Church in a way that would be worthy the example of all Ireland.

daily dug out of the earth—are irrefragable testimonies that the arts once flourished in Ireland.

He, therefore, adduces the authority of the Venerable Bede, and other ancient authors, to prove, *that Ireland was, many centuries ago, a rich and happy kingdom, undisturbed by those bloody wars which harassed the rest of the world; as well as the seat of learning and piety.*

When they have got in their own harvest, they give the parson a day of their horses and carts, and bring the entire tythe home to his farm yard."

In this retreat of innocence and unsophisticated nature, Montague resolved to bury all his worldly miseries; and, calmly tempered by resignation, to await the final decree of Providence.

But, what are the resolves of man, set up in open rebellion against nature? What are the dull and the sys-

tentative admonitions of philosophy, when every feeling of the heart—every throb and pulse of the frame—vibrate against its clay-cold ordinances?

Yet was the day of separation appointed; and the O'Connors—anxious to do right, but fearful to do wrong—no longer opposed the proposition.

The eventful morning dawned!—Father O'Mooney was ready to accompany our Hero to his exile; their horses waited: The General was obliged:

to go to Dublin, on his military avocations, and Mr. O'Connor had promised to be his fellow-traveller: their carriage was at the door.

Ellen had fortified her mind with all the aids of a cultivated understanding, and religious principles, to meet the occasion—It was trying: for Ellen—with all her sense of strict decorum, and adherence to its tenets—could not mentally deny that she *felt* she was beloved.

Reader, the language of the lip is a

flippant passport of certain sentences, arrayed by form, and uttered with specific views. In gallantry, it is, often, a tickling of the tongue employed to ensnare the senses; and is, like a dream, confined to empty sound.

But the language of the heart speaks in every feature: love gives eloquence to the eyes—marks the action—and makes itself perfectly understood by “trifles light as air:”—yet indelible as light.

Hence, the avowal of that secret, which Ellen dreaded to acknowledge to her own palpitating heart—but the familiarity, in which they lived, had never been prophaned beyond a sigh, either unconsciously murmured, or delicately repented.

It is true, the habit of meeting daily, their relationship, their purity, might, in time, have worn off the awkwardness of their respective emotions, had not Montague felt how impossible it was for such a woman as his cousin, to

love such a man as her husband; and, had not Ellen, too severely, proved that her forced spirits could not be sustained under the weight of perpetual vexations, occasioned by the never-ceasing caprices of a man, who would not *let* her try to esteem and to respect him...

Meanwhile the General read, with encreasing agony, a coincidence of manners and sentiments, in this ill-fated pair, which fanned his jealousy almost into madness.

On the most trifling subjects of accidental conversation, they appeared to him, as beings issuing from the same mould—their taste, their opinions, their recreations, seemed the effect of one impulse. Still, the penetrating eye of watchful suspicion could not discern aught to the prejudice of either, save their exemplary virtues, which he conjured into crimes, as they, more intimately, allied them to each other.

Thus variously actuated, the party met at breakfast; and, though each

strove to be cheerful—the effort was constrained and unsuccessful.

At length, Montague arose to depart.

“We shall hope to hear from you often, my good friend,”—said Mr. O’Connor, with friendly solicitude.

“And when you are tired of seclusion,”—added Mrs. O’Connor, “remember, Mr. Burgoyne, you have

friends, at the Pavilion, who will be most happy to see you."

"We shall soon return to England,"
—said the General—"make haste to join us, Montague, and try *our* hospitality."

Ellen looked at her husband, as he concluded these strange words, but could not read any thing, in his countenance, to belie their expressions. They appeared, to her, an involuntary tribute to the merits of Montague,

which circumstances had forced into action. She hailed it as a blessed omen—
“The heart of the General, surely, was not vitiated—it was, merely, suffering under a delusion.”

“Oh!”—thought she—“would he but *allow* me to make him happy!”

At this moment, our Hero approached to take her hand; and all idea of making another happy, vanished at the electric touch.

Having pressed a hand of each of the Ladies, with his lips, and exchanged a friendly grasp with each of the Gentlemen, he exclaimed, emphatically,

“ God bless you all ! ”—then hastily left the room.

“ By Saint Patrick ”—muttered the Priest, following—“ but this same ceremony of taking leave, among friends, is a custom more to be honored in the breach than the observance; and, by the same token, my heart is as full as

a basket of eggs, just going to market ; so it's time to be jogging, before I catch a cold in my eyes, and make them run salt-water ; for all the world, like the scuppers of an old crazy vessel, hard upon foundering--and so the Lord be with you all."

In a few minutes the Ladies were left alone. Ellen bore the shock with great fortitude ; and her amiable friend, thinking it best not even to name the subject, for the present, conducted her to the little work room, where they

usually passed the early part of their mornings.

The Pavilion was built on an eminence, that surrounded an extensive lawn, gradually sloping—in an uninterrupted view—to the sea. Around the lawn was a shrubbery ; and, partly concealed within its foliage, stood the little room of which I am speaking : it communicated with the main building through the Green-house,

After a little cheerful chat, Mrs.

O'Connor judging her friend would be best pleased with an hour of solitude, left her on some slight pretence, which removed all idea of design; and poor Ellen soon fell into a train of reverie, from which all unpleasant retrospect was banished; a delightful vision, of ideal happiness, wholly occupied her dreaming senses.

Yielding to the soft languor of this floating inspiration, she extended her beauteous form along the sofa on which she had been sitting: a slender veil

pinned, carelessly, around her forehead, gave a partial shadow to her features—previously softened by the delusive recreations of her fancy—and contributed to harmonize the whole.

Her left hand hung, listlessly, adown her side, scarcely compressing the little volume it still held. The light drapery of her morning habit exposed the lovely contour of her limbs—a delicious tremor gave undulation to the covering of her bosom—her lips were swelled almost to bursting ripeness—she gasped

with inarticulate emotion—and Love, for the moment, triumphed in her wildly beating heart.

But it was a triumph free from voluptuousness—she appeared like the timid Zephyr exchanging the first kiss of love on the bosom of Spring—ardent, yet modest.

At this eventful moment, Destiny, still big with inventive torments, conducted Montague to the latticed door of the recess, temptingly half open,

but concealed, from Ellen's observation, by the position she had assumed.

Montague, instinctively, paused to ponder, with rapture, on the scene before him—he feared to prophane the privacy of the goddess of his affections—he trembled, yet gazed—a giddiness seized on his brain—he was, no longer, master of himself.

Advancing, on a light tip-toe, he approached the sofa, just as a lengthened

balmy sigh escaped from the lips of Ellen, the unconscious tell-tale of her inward feelings.

Falling at her feet, he breathed, in modulated tones, the name of her whom he adored: then, pressed upon her lily hand a burning kiss.

Surprise, terror, agitation, duty, love, —with the rapidity of thought, crowded on her recollection: all, within, was tumult—that heart, which had,

till lately, beaten by rule within it's lovely lodging, was now turbulent and unruly — she feared the presence of her cousin; but had no power to dismiss him—the electric sparks of unresisted love communicated a sudden, but mutually impressive, shock: caution deserted his post—and love, alone, was centinel—

Maddened, by the irresistibility of his feelings, Montague gently circled the beauteous form of Ellen—the elas-

ticity of her waist yielded to his delicate embrace—he was emboldened by the magic of the touch, and darted his burning lips towards the pouting treasures of the trembling Ellen.

“ This was the first kiss of love.

“ And, thus, the bashful virgin, who has long cherished the sweetly painful novelty of a first passion—nor suffers a look to betray her secret — bursts from concealment.

“ There is a critical moment in the

alendar of love—and its power is infinite!

“ Native coyness yields to the claims of sensibility, while the bewitching rapture, which lip to lip communicates, intoxicates the senses—it lulls the rigid guardians of a female’s fears to sleep, but does not affect the more sterling purity of her heart—and the conscious blush, which follows the enjoyment, chastens the bliss.”

For a moment, Ellen lay entranced.

within the frenzied embrace of the daring Montague—her languid cheek reposed upon his bosom; and her throbbing heart spoke volumes through her own: when, by a sudden—energetic—and decisive—spring, she started from the embrace that folded her, and flew through the Green-house, exclaiming, in tones of anguish—

“ Inhuman Montague!—we part for ever !” —

Let us, now, account for this apparent harlequinade.

Our Hero and the good Priest set off on a brisk trot, attended by a single groom; but they were soon obliged to vary their paces with the road.

“Botheration: but this is nothing, at all, at all,”—said the Reverend Father, distending his rosy gills—“wait till I shew you something—’tis a finger-post, jewel, that will teach you the rules of comparison, as pat as any grammarian in all Ireland.”

“Pray what may that be, Doctor?”

“ Oh, 'tis a neat little distich, beautifully written on a great big board, to comfort travellers when they are weather-bound in the middle of a bog. :

“ Had you come by these * roads, before they were made,

“ You'd lift up your winkers, and bless Marshal Wade.”

In this manner, the Doctor cheated

* In Suffolk there is a sign-post, thus descriptive:

“ When the water is above the top of this post, it is dangerous to cross.

his companion of the weariness of their road, till they came in sight of a miserable hovel, *elegantly* contrived for the accommodation of travellers, and distinguished by a sign-post, announcing in irregular characters,

“ Dry lodgings to be let.”

“ This was an enigma, beyond the comprehension of Montague—as this *dry* lodging-house consisted of a sort of spacious barn, constructed of loose stones, piled together without cement, and covered, at top, with a thatch that

partook more the properties of a sieve, than any thing else." On application to the Doctor, however, he understood, "*Dry Lodgings*" to mean, "Lodgings without whiskey."

They had, scarcely, passed this seat of public entertainment, 'ere they encountered a poor peasant—buried up to his knees in a bog—lamenting, in an Irish howl, the fate of his companion, a poor half-famished cow, in the same plight with himself. The poor man

had long been fruitlessly endeavoring to relieve his companion from her bondage : but whether the plungings of the poor creature, or the howlings of the poor peasant, occasioned the disaster, certain it is, the Priest's horse reared upon his hind legs, as he approached the side of the bog ; when his Reverence, being an unskilful horseman, checked the affrighted animal, and both fell backward with a violent concussion.

For some time, Montague thought

his benevolent friend was dead—the peasant, with difficulty, quitted the bog to attend the Priest, casting, however, a wistful eye, every now and then, on his poor cow—like a methodist parson, between the *flesh* and the *spirit*—his heart and soul were with the cow, his duty and his exertions with the Priest.

.. With some difficulty, the Priest was conveyed to the public-house they had just passed, when he came to his senses; but declared, with a groan, “that he feared his back was broken.”

“ Hubaboo! — Hubaboo!” — vociferated one of the bye-standers — “ by Jasus his Reverence is not dead — he is only speechless ; do let him tell us, at once, what’s the matter with him.”

A neighbouring blacksmith was sent for; who let the Priest blood; but he complained so violently of his back, that it was not possible to move him from the pallet on which he had been placed.

In this situation, Montague would

not even trust to his servant ; but hastened back, to the Pavilion, to procure a mattress and the jaunting car. On his arrival, his impatience was answered by a servant, who directed him to the work-room, where he would find the Ladies.

His singular rencontre, however, with his Cousin, made him forget the humane purport of his journey ; and it was not till sometime after her departure, that his senses recovered their tones.

Transfixed by an emotion he could not controul, Montague stood gazing on the passage, through the Greenhouse, for many minutes after the disappearance of Ellen—then, suddenly, recollecting her parting words, a chill ran through his veins, and a cold perspiration damped his forehead.

“ Inhuman Montague! — we part for ever! — ”

The repetition of these words, accompanied by a sense that he deserved

them, palsied his frame, and he must have fallen to the ground, had he not staggered, for support, to the arm of the sofa; where, after a pause of anguish, he regained the memory of his mission.

Seeking Mrs. O'Connor, he told her he had alarmed his Cousin by his sudden return, and entreated she would administer relief to her flurried spirits: then, describing the accident that had befallen the Priest, orders were given.

to prepare the car, and he departed more like a maniac than a rational being, to relieve his benefactor.

Of Ellen's feelings it will be difficult to speak. The moment she had gained her apartment, she threw herself on the bed, and happily burst into a flood of tears.

At one moment, she condemned the conduct of Montague with great severity—at another, she excused it—still,

under the impression that he had sought to invade her privacy, indignation was the predominant feeling of her soul.

Recovering, however, from this extreme of agitation, she sought to quiet her mind, by a recapitulation of the, till now, unvaried propriety of Montague's conduct; but the remembrance, so far from alleviating, encreased her every apprehension. She could not separate his love from his respect--and feared, in addition to the wreck of her peace,

that of her reputation. She trembled in contemplating the future, as much as she was agonized in reviewing the past. The General would see the agitation and alarm of her mind; he would not analyze their source with truth, but he would confound sensibility with guilt.

To Mrs. O'Connor she repeated, or rather described, the scene that had just passed---for love had been eloquent beyond the power of words---accusing

branches, more politically, consigned to oblivion; in the hope, that neither bigotry nor superstition, will ever, again, arouse a frenzied populace to similar acts of desperate cruelty and remorseless bloodshed.

But the detail of an event, in the interior of Ireland, compares so strongly with another event in the interior of France, that I will relate both to show how far the spirit of revolution is disgraceful to the character of the revolutionist.

A beautiful young lady, in the County of —— was requested, one day after dinner, to amuse the company with a song; when she—in the gaiety of her heart—sang, with great glee, the popular air of “*Croppies lie down.*”

At midnight, the house was beset; and the young lady was murdered for the offence.

But this was the act of a licentious rabble: if the reader shudders at the

fact, what will he say, to find a similar murder committed in France—by order of the Magistracy—under the system of Liberty and Equality, *said* to be prevalent throughout the Commonwealth.

On a day that news had arrived of the defeat of the French by the Austrians, two young ladies of consideration were heard to play and sing, "*Ca Ira*;" of which, information being given to the Police, they were, instantly, arrested; and, after a mock trial, guil-

tined for rejoicing at the ill successes of the Republican troops.

All Ireland was, now, in commotion; and the pretext was used, by the General, to steal his wife from the only enjoyment she had—the friendship of Mrs. O'Connor—that he might, the more freely, make her feel all the tormenting effects of his selfish, suspicious, and tyrannical disposition, which had, acquired new elasticity, in all its compounded variety of action,

by means unbecoming his character as a Gentleman: he had, meanly, bribed a domestic to watch his wife; and this venial scoundrel had reported, to him, the immediate return of Mr. Burgoyne, with such comments as a low mind, raised into consequence by the degradation of a superior, always usurps the privilege of suggesting.

Behold our Heroine, then, the miserable, yet unrepining companion of a man, whose every bad quality was inflamed, and whose every good one

was silenced, by a never-ceasing jealousy, that displayed itself in every unmanly, capricious, and cruel exercise of authority.

We will, however, leave Ellen—the victim of oppression and tyranny—in Dublin; and Montague—the prey of remorse—attending the sick couch of the good Priest; while we pursue the fugitive Pierrepont and the volatile Louisa.

In order to account for their elope-

ment, it may be necessary to state, that the Baronet, taking advantage of her Ladyship's critical minute, had been, for some days, the happy lover, at the time the General proposed her return to England.

Devoted to the object of her ruin, she adored the traitor, whatever she might think on the treason : and determined on giving up herself to love and a cottage, unrestricted by any laws, save those of nature and inclination.

She, therefore, frankly told Pierrepoint her wishes, asking if he were *bold* enough to sanction them—otherwise her brother would, certainly, separate them for ever.

Pierrepoint, with all the ardour of love just blessed, was enraptured with the idea: swearing to devote his life to her, and repeating, with winning energy, the lines of Eloisa,

“ Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

“ Spreads his light wings, and, in a moment flies.

He then expatiated on the charms of retirement : drew an animated sketch of the beautiful and romantic scenery of South Wales : and it was agreed, between them, that they should imitate the example of Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, in cultivating a beautiful retirement, and devoting the remainder of their lives to bless each other.

The lovers having arrived, safely, at Holyhead ; proceeded, hastily, onwards to Anglesey, through Llanga-

very, Beaumaris, and Penmañmauwr, as far as Aberconway, when they came to a rest.

“ Here, my beloved 'Louisa'—said the enraptured Pierrepoint—“ we shall enjoy all the romantic beauties of Swiss scenery, without travelling to Savoy, or Lausanne. Here, nature abounds with every sublimity, of wild, lofty, or fantastic imagery. The people are as unadulterated, by fashion, as their native mountains—we shall

enjoy all the charms of nature in it's original purity."

Lady Louisa hung, delighted, on his arm, as he, enthusiastically, pronounced this eulogium on the county : and her fine eyes gazed, with pleasure, on the surrounding objects that bore testimony to it's truth.

With the early dawn, the happy pair arose ; and, taking their Landlord :—loaded with a basket of provisions—for

their guide, they climbed the craggy mountain's side.

Here, they beheld the lofty cataract, whose descending foam, roaring from among the clustered rocks, richly laved the enamelled vale beneath: here, in a secret shade, impervious to the eye of common observation, the mountain-goat cropped the sweet verdure, that stealing streamlets, from the torrent, vegetates in little spaces between rock and rock: and when exercise had

whetted their appetite, they repaired beneath the canopy of a well-foliaged oak, whose extended boughs were impenetrable to the rays of day; listening to the varied sound of distant and approaching waterfalls.

In this delightful neighbourhood, therefore, they resolved to settle; and having, shortly after, met with a spot, at once delightful and poetic, they raised a little Eden.

The side of a hill, on a platform of

ten acres, was the scite of their terrestrial paradise: to the right, were huge and misshapen rocks, marshalled in terrible array—to the left, a broad stream of water, issuing from a cascade, and forming a bason of the most pure and unruffled liquid; which meandered in labyrinths so sweetly shaded by privacy, that the chariest maid might have sought the lucid coolness of this transparent bath, without an intruding blush—beneath them a luxuriant plain.

Nothing could exceed the urbanity

of the natives. In strolling among their farms, and cottages, refreshment or repose, alike, awaited the stranger's acceptance. Lady Louisa was in love with this happy race of people, who are hale, robust, hardy, rosy-cheeked, and good-humored.

But, as all classes of society have a shade to set off their good qualities, we may set down the Welch for a very inquisitive people; and, to those who do not know them, they would, perhaps, appear rude.

Where are you going? Where do you come from? Where were you born? What's your name? Married or single?—and so forth.

But observation, soon, teaches the stranger, that these are more an habitual string of questions, arising from curiosity,—if that can be called curiosity which has no motive—and attended to with as little interest as they are asked.

It is the same in America: when

Dr. Priestly returned thither, after a residence of some years in England, he desired, as soon as he put up at an Inn, that the Landlord might be called, and, having learnt from him the exact state of the family, he desired that his wife, his daughters, his sons, and his servants, from the bar-maid to the boots, might be assembled in the parlour, when he thus addressed them:

“My good friends, my name is Doctor Priestly—I came last from England, and am about to settle in New York—”

and so on, describing every particular of his intentions---past---present---and future---concluding with a request,

“ That, if any question remained to be proposed, they would then ask it, and allow him to take his supper in peace.”

But all these little eccentricities soon wore off---and six months passed, at the Cottage, without any material change in either of it's secluded inmates.

At length, Pierrepont occasionally yawned; and yawning, every body knows, is catching—well then, both yawned; although neither knew the reason.

One morning, when Lady Louisa had a more than usual yawning fit upon her; she, suddenly, broke a lengthened silence, by asking Pierrepont if he had ever read Rousseau.

“Certainly, my dear, I find him very charming.”

“ Sentimental you mean, Pierre-point; but, after all, I believe sentiment to be solely founded on theory; and I recollect, somewhere, to have read, arguments in opposition to Rousseau’s sublime lessons—but then, I believe, I was sentimental myself.”

“ Well,” my love, “ and are you not so still?—but what were those arguments?”

“ Oh; simply, that his positions

were very alluring; and calculated, for the moment, to ensnare the simple heart: but—according to this Moralist—love dies in continued solitude the human heart is naturally restless—eager in pursuing novelty: it requires to be fed with new ideas—new impressions—to strengthen and invigorate it's feelings: the most ardent love droops in retirement: we want comparison to make us happy: in the world we find that comparison, and thence *feel* the real value of the blessing we possess."

With a heigho, they prepared for their departure; meaning to return on the following summer. In a few days, their baggage, which was soon packed, was ready; and making the best of their way to Yarmouth, they embarked for the Continent.

For a time, change of scene, and perpetual variety of objects, kept their spirits afloat; so that they did not, immediately, perceive that they were becoming more fashionably indif-

different to each other: but, after a short residence at the Court of Vienna, Pierrepont took an unceremonious leave of Lady Louisa, accompanied by a foreign Lady, of singular beauty, the young wife of a flannelled Nobleman, high in favor at Court.

Lady Louisa, thus deserted, and in a strange land, at first gave way to all that violence of manner, and exclamation, natural to wounded pride; but these hysterical rhapsodies were fol-

lowed by cool reasoning; and cool reasoning brought on repentance.

The ungrateful Pierrepont; having left her Ladyship with a very slender purse, and many tradesmen's bills to pay, she was long at a loss how to relieve her necessities; till it occurred to her, that an English Gentleman might assist her with his advice, who had been in habits of intimacy with her lover; and, who had been very frequent in his enquiries since their separation; although she continued not to

admit any visitor.

Mr. Edwards readily obeyed her summons, and communicated to her, the painful intelligence of her father's marriage with a common woman ; which circumstance, he feared, would be a bar to any application she might make in that quarter : but he promised to procure her a safe conveyance for her letters ; and delicately proposed himself as her banker, pending the arrival of her remittances.

[Situated as Lady Louisa was, it would have been madness to have refused these obliging offers; and Mr. Edwards, afterwards, became her constant chaperon.

In as short a time as an answer could, possibly, have been expected, letters from the Earl arrived; in which, as a man of high fashion, he deplored the publicity of his daughter's amour; but assured her of his forgiveness; and that the Countess joined, with him, in offer-

ing her an asylum, which would, no doubt, after a time silence the public clamor against her, and restore her to society. Inclosed was a letter of credit on a capital banking-house.

This was very unexpected good news; and her Ladyship determined to accept the protection of her *Lady Mama*, as well as the escort of Mr. Edwards, who was also on his return to England.

Of this Gentleman, it is merely ne-

cessary to say, that he was of good family, but small fortune: he had taken infinite pains to read the character of Lady Louisa, in which he could not fail to discover many valuable traits, which had, hitherto, been obscured by fashion: he became pointed in his attentions.

The old Earl discovering, that the young folks were not indifferent to each other, with great liberality, proposed their marriage; having, pre-

viewly, made a handsome settlement on his *daughter.

* There is nothing strange in this fashionable marriage. The heir-apparent of a splendid title, and a princely fortune, not long ago, entered into a domestic arrangement with a demi-Italian demirep; but Fame reported, that the lady's reputed father—who is a Peer of singular gallantry—offered the young nobleman one hundred thousand pounds to marry his daughter: at all events, the wise Lord did marry her; and her wise Ladyship soon quitted him for a more rational companion. Her Ladyship is very accomplished.

They move in fashionable life; and make a very *happy* couple.

Ponsonby, having made a tour of pleasure, returned to Dublin cured of his Tove fit; and, as his worldly observations had not, hitherto, presented him with many Ladies like Mrs. Colville, he recommenced his old *trade*; and is esteemed a most desirable *Cecilio*.

Upwards of eight years have, now,

elapsed, since we left our Heroine under no very pleasant circumstances in Dublin. The General continued the suspicious tormentor of them both: sometimes, submitting to the influence of the most ungovernable caprices; at others, falling at his wife's feet, acknowledging her virtues, and deprecating her resentment: while the ill-fated Ellen devoted herself, almost exclusively, to the care of her own family, which was, shortly after, increased with the birth of a daughter.

Her visits abroad were, mostly, confined to charitable engagements. She warmly patronized the Lying-in Hospital—the Charter-House and Blue-Coat Schools—and other valuable charities.

Of Montague she had never heard a syllable, otherwise than, the occasion of his *intrusion*, and his subsequent *unpremeditated* offence.

After a residence of three years in

Ireland, the General was recalled ; his rank was established ; and he received a regiment : in the command, of which he sailed for India.

Retired to her cottage---Ellen, her child, and Mrs. Howard, enjoyed all the calm pleasures of a domestic life, enlivened, frequently, by the visits of the Wilmots, with their little prattling family ; and by letters from the amiable O'Connors.

But this scene of innocent tranquil-

lity was not destined to last for ever. At the battle of Delhi---ever memorable for the restoration of the aged and suffering Prince, *Shah Allum*, to the throne of his forefathers---the General was killed by a random ball, as the victorious army entered the capital of the Mogul Empire.

It will not be supposed, that this event occasioned any very oppressive affliction to his beautiful widow ; who declared her resolution to continue the

mode of life she had lately adopted, as most congenial with her habits, and the welfare of her little darling. . . .

But, as soon as Mr. O'Connor heard of the General's death, he set out for the Island of Raghery, to which Montague had retired after the recovery of Father O'Mooney ; where he found the object of his search, happy in himself, and diffusing happiness around him.

At the sound of Ellen's name, a deep

scarlet rushed up to the cheek of Montague; and, taking Mr. O'Connor's hand, he said,

“ My dear Friend, do not, I beseech you, tear open wounds that time and philosophy have *scarcely* healed--on that theme, I am a perfect infant.”

The tear that glistened on his cheek, most feelingly, corroborated the fact!

But, when he understood that Ellen

was a widow—he was almost wild with joy: then, relapsing—he shook his head, repeating, mournfully,

“Oh, never—never—can that Angel forgive my temerity!”

“Nay”—replied Mr. O'Connor, smiling---“a faint heart never won a fair Lady. My wife and myself will accompany you to England; and, my word for it, *three to one* will be more than the lovely Widow will be able to combat.”



Montague and Ellen have been two years married, and the nursery is increased by another daughter, of whom the little Ellen Colville is dotingly fond; and, in return, she shares with her little playfellow, in the parental tenderness of her Papa Burgoyne.

Such is the reward of correct habits and virtuous perseverance—

Go—and do, thou, likewise!

THE END.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The *Second Volume* of this Work was printed, while the Author was from home; which circumstance compels him to publish the following:

ERRATA.

Page	8	line	11	for <i>dolcur</i>	read <i>douleur</i>
— 48 —	—	—	6	for <i>secret</i>	read <i>silent</i>
— 77 —	—	—	8	for <i>veils</i>	read <i>vails</i>
— 90 —	—	—	6	for <i>grew</i>	read <i>grow</i>
— 105 —	—	—	1	for <i>ribban</i>	read <i>ribbon</i>
— 105 —	—	—	8	for <i>drew</i>	read <i>draw</i>
— 107 —	—	—	12	for <i>this</i>	read <i>the</i>
— 108 —	—	—	1	for <i>undefnable</i>	read <i>indefinable</i>
— 122 —	—	—	11	for <i>villany</i>	read <i>villainy</i>
— 223 —	—	—	11	for <i>gentlemen</i>	read <i>seamen</i>
— 224 —	—	—	10	for <i>sterred</i>	read <i>sheered</i>
— 226 —	—	—	10	for <i>which</i>	read <i>while</i>
— 228 —	—	—	2	for <i>now</i>	read <i>were</i>
— 230 —	—	—	4	for <i>cause</i>	read <i>corse</i>
— 237 —	—	—	9	for <i>even</i>	read <i>were</i>

